Week ending January 9 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

BEGINNING THIS WEEK: The breath-taking adventures of a famous big-game hunter

AFRICAN FURY

Surf boils spotless!

NO WONDER MUM'S SO PLEASED

It's a wonderful feeling to see a line full of *spotless* washing blowing in the wind—yes, more than just white—spotless. Of course there were smudges and stains, you know what children are, but a good boil in Surf worked wonders—that's why Mum can smile.

IRONING TIME IS TESTING TIME! It's when you're ironing that you'll see how wise you were to boil in Surf—you'll see everything *spotless*, because Surf makes such short work of spots and stains.

WHEN YOU BOIL clothes in Surf, they come out spotless. Surf is the detergent that gives you a really spotless boil. It makes such short work of spots and stains.

ALL YOU NEED is a packet of Surf in your kitchen. Surf is the complete detergent that not only gives you a spotless boil, but makes a wonderful job of coloureds and fine things too. No need to keep one powder for the boil and one for the rest of the wash. All you need is Surf—the complete detergent.

THE COMPLETE DETERGENT

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

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EDITORIAL

Mixed blessing

WHEN Professor Paul Armand-Delille, of Chartres, France, allowed some rabbits to escape from his walled-in garden last year, he changed the course of nature. For they had been inoculated with myxomatosis, a quickly spreading disease which kills rabbits.

The professor had thought that "myx" would solve his rabbit problem. In Australia, they had died by the multi-million and allowed twenty million more sheep to be kept on grazings recovered from the rabbits.

HE got rid of his pest, but the rabbits that escaped passed the deadly disease on to millions of their cousins, who in turn passed it on to rabbits all over Europe. Now the disease has spread to Britain and has set us a problem: should we let "myx" exterminate Britain's rabbits?

LIEUT.-COL. C. L. BOYLE
"Don't upset the balance"

Yes, say the farmers, who suffer £70,000,000 worth of damage a year from rabbits, five of which can eat as much as a sheep. No, say the butchers, hatters, and those who cannot bear to think of animals dying a particularly nasty and lingering death.

There is, however, a more basic reason to hope that all rabbits will not be wiped out. Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Boyle, secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society, says: "To plump for the sudden extermination of rabbits by myxomatosis would be foolish and dangerous.

"IT would upset the balance of nature by which all living things keep each other more or less in check. Rabbits are eaten by foxes, badgers, stoats and birds of prey. Without rabbits, these creatures must turn for food elsewhere, perhaps to domestic flocks, as foxes have already done in Australia."

The deprived animals would also kill more small birds —which keep down insect pests, especially the caterpillars which would otherwise devastate orchards.

It would be a mistake to welcome the arrival of "myx" without the closest scientific examination. This is now being done by a newly formed government committee. It will have to report speedily, for the disease is expected to reach its height in the spring.

BUT the final solution may rest with the rabbits. Without knowing it, biologically they are clever fellows. Already a new myxomatosis-resistant breed has grown up in Australia.

We can expect the same thing here. Then the farmer will have to begin again his endless battle against the rabbits.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

To the girl, the bus conductor is a knight in shining armour; to him, she is a pretty coincidence. But the impatient people in the queue find nothing to smile about. Bill Dowsett, one of JOHN BULL's team of illustrators, happened to be at the wrong end of that queue. When he eventually got back home to Hampton, Middlesex, he began to work some of the uncharitable feeling out of his system by starting on this painting—his first cover for JOHN BULL.

The children are no trouble

They have such fun together, bless them, and they're so sturdy. They always wear Chilprufe, of course, to keep them free from winter colds and chills. There's wonderful protection in Chilprufe's Pure Wool and, because of its fine quality and workmanship, it never seems to wear out. You should always insist on Chilprufe because it really is an investment in health-safety.

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And here—thirdly—is how Hall's Wine works so quickly and so well for you! Because you take this vitamin enrichment in wine—life-giving wine —it gets into your bloodstream fast—quickly coming to the aid of starved cells with the goodness they are craving for and must have.
Yes, all this is why you feel that wonderful glow of returning strength as you sip your very first glassful of Hall's Wine. Get a bottle of Hall's Wine. Read the formula plainly printed on the label—your doctor knows its value. Then—relax and enjoy the delicious flavour, the glorious sensation of well-being, thankful for the cheerful certainty that Hall's Wine makes you well.
Yes, Hall's Wine is a lovely way to get well—and so *quickly*.

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FREE SPEECH

Two children were not enough

MY wife and I married young and planned to have a large family. But after two children—a boy and a girl—had been born, we decided that it would be quite impracticable under modern circumstances.

More children would have meant overcrowding, lowering our standard of living and losing the amenities—a car, good holidays—to which we were accustomed. So we contented ourselves with rearing the two. Then, one year, we spent a holiday in Cornwall near a farm where there were eight children. They were a wild, tearing crew, who slept three in a room and dressed in each other's castoffs. But there was no mistaking their happiness—our children loved to play with them. Since then we have had four more children. We have had to sell our convenient modern house and take a Victorian mansion with five bedrooms and a nursery. The car has gone, and my wife and I can hardly ever get out together. The other day a friend said: "I admire you for giving up so much. I could not do it." If only he knew what he had unwittingly given up himself.—GEORGE PINE, Cheshire.

Just A Drop

DURING a sing-song at a country house near Reading which is now in use as an educational centre, I noticed a tortoiseshell butterfly hovering restlessly between a vase of flowers on the mantelpiece and a nearby lamp. The centre secretary had also noticed the insect. "I expect it

wants a drink," she said. I thought she might be joking, but she dipped her finger-tips into the vase and held them out. The butterfly settled on a finger and folded its wings. Then something like a tiny trunk unfurled, and a drop of water disappeared. After drinking most of a second drop, the butterfly coiled away the trunk and flew off to the ceiling.—MRS. DOROTHY STEAD, Occupation Lane, Pudsey, Leeds.

Butterflies take only liquid food, says the Natural History Museum. They suck nectar from flowers.

Seat And A Snack

IN Cape Town during the war I often visited the bioscope-cafés, institutions which would not appeal to the "Free Speech" correspondent who complained about people who eat in cinemas. The price of admission to a bio-café included the cost of a coffee or mineral. Substantial snacks could be obtained on payment of an extra charge. A ledge attached to the seat in front served the patron as a table.—A. H. SPRING, Reading.

There are bio-cafés in many of the large South African towns. Programmes run from about ten in the morning to ten at night. Old feature films, serials and cartoons are shown.

. . . A Danish friend took me to a cinema in Copenhagen where the programme was not continuous; the house was cleared after each performance. Refreshments were served only in the interval. The cinema had a restaurant, a bar, and a nursery, well-equipped with toys, where mothers could leave small children in the care of a trained nurse. There was also a "dogs' nursery."—MRS. PAULINE HOLMES, Beresford Avenue, Hanwell, London, W.7.

Sound System

I WAS pleased to read your editorial, "Pie In The Sky," championing the cause of those who are poorly served by sound radio. My semi-invalid wife relies on sound radio for much of her entertainment, and reception of the Home Service and the Third Programme is at its poorest in this area, which is an equally bad spot for television. We do have relief from the interference when the experimental

JOHN BULL'S NEW SERIAL

THE GOLDEN FOOL

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

see page 12

Very High Frequency (V.H.F.) station at Wrotham, in Kent, is on the air, but unfortunately it only transmits for part of the day and shuts down on public holidays. Germany has a hundred V.H.F. stations in operation.—P. A. COOMBES, Sedlescombe, Sussex.

Boy With Spirit

WHEN serving in the police in Kenya, my brother had to arrest an African for illegally brewing a very potent spirit. The man had an accomplice, a small boy, whom my brother decided to let off with a lecture. "I can understand a grown man like Nkomo wanting to make this spirit," he said, "but not a toto [little boy] like you." The lad drew himself up and replied, with dignity: "Bwana, in years I may be only a toto, but in matters of the stomach I am a man."—N. G. J. B., Edinburgh.

Rash Decision

TO protect a rash on my knees from the rubbing of my thick, blue melton police trousers, my wife suggested that I should wear a pair of her old stockings. I put them on, and the irritation disappeared. An hour or so later, during a cycle patrol in a busy street, I noticed that people were eyeing me strangely. I looked down and saw that the stocking was hanging over my left boot. I accelerated rapidly and removed the wretched things at the first secluded spot I came to.—H. W., Birmingham.

Peter, His Work

MY sister, an infant teacher, had a pupil called Peter whose table manners at school dinner were her despair. He would sit with his knife and fork clenched in his fists and pointing to the ceiling. One day, after a lesson in which my sister told

the story of a Biblical wedding feast, the children were asked to draw a picture of the scene. In Peter's picture all the guests were sitting with their knives and forks pointing into the air. When my sister told Peter that this was wrong, he looked up and said: "But it didn't say in the story that they had good manners."—MISS K. A. HOLKER, Withington, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

Black Shepherds

LIKE a recent "Free Speech" correspondent, I once decided to trace my family tree. When I discovered that one of my ancestors was hanged for smuggling and another transported for sheep-stealing, I began to wonder if the idea was a good one. Further researches linked some of my forebears with Jack Sheppard, the notorious highwayman, so I gave up the inquiries. The past, I thought, was better dead and buried.—ROBERT T. SHEPHERD, London, N.4.

Snap Judgment

TO prevent our youngster from lolling at the table during meals we play a variation of the game of snap. If one of us puts an elbow on the table someone else promptly does the same, and calls "snap." The prize is the loser's sweet or cake, or the right to extract a forfeit.—EDWARD J. BENFIELD, Blackmarston Road, Hereford.

Shore Leave

WHEN we lived in a houseboat on the south coast our large tom cat would use the gangway when he left us for a night out. One summer we had to move into deeper water, about fifty yards from the shore. The cat was very surprised when he awoke on the first evening to find the gangway missing. I picked him up and dipped his paws in the water. At once he slithered from my hand and struck out to land with a beautiful streamlined motion. He came aboard again the next morning and dried himself in the sun.—G. E. WOOD, Corse Lawn, Gloucester.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

This Way To The Tomb

MY photograph shows the very effective sign barrier on the cliff at Hornsea, where a private road has been cut by coast erosion. The sign is fitted with red reflectors; it guides drivers on to the by-pass shown on the left. The cliff at this point is thirty to thirty-five feet above the beach.—G. E. JEWKES, South Cliff, Hornsea, East Yorkshire.

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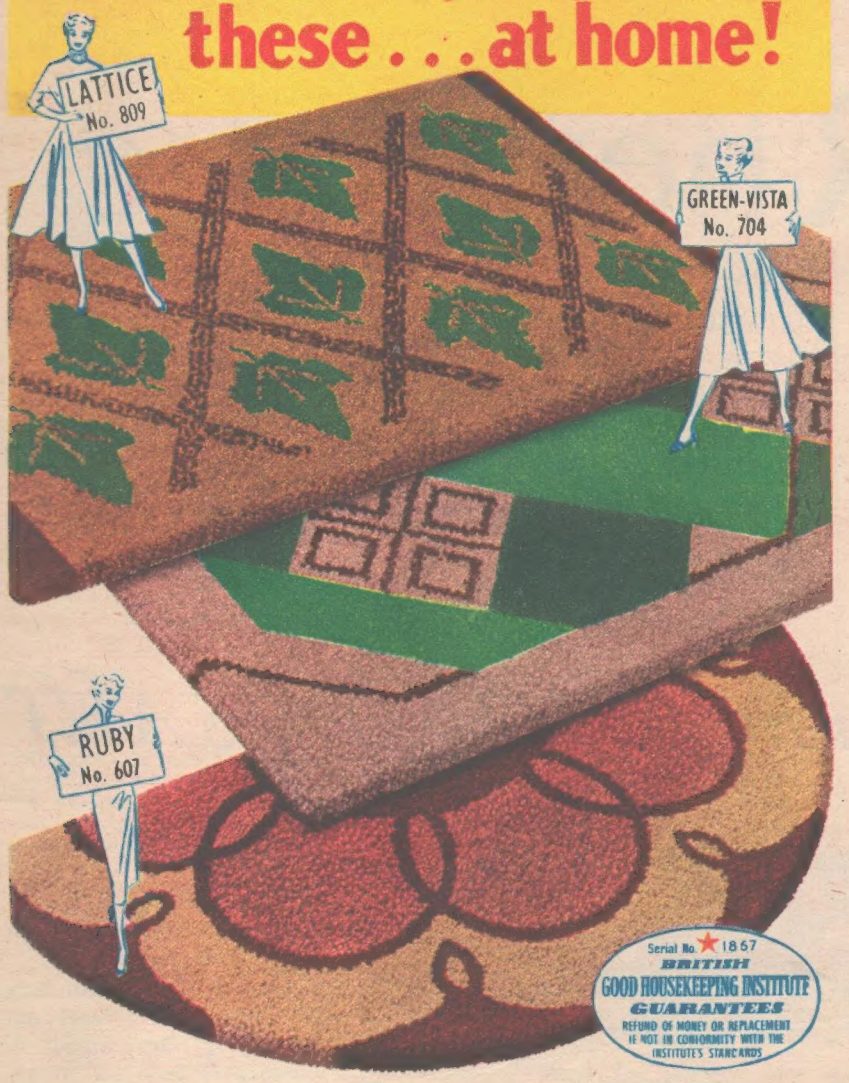

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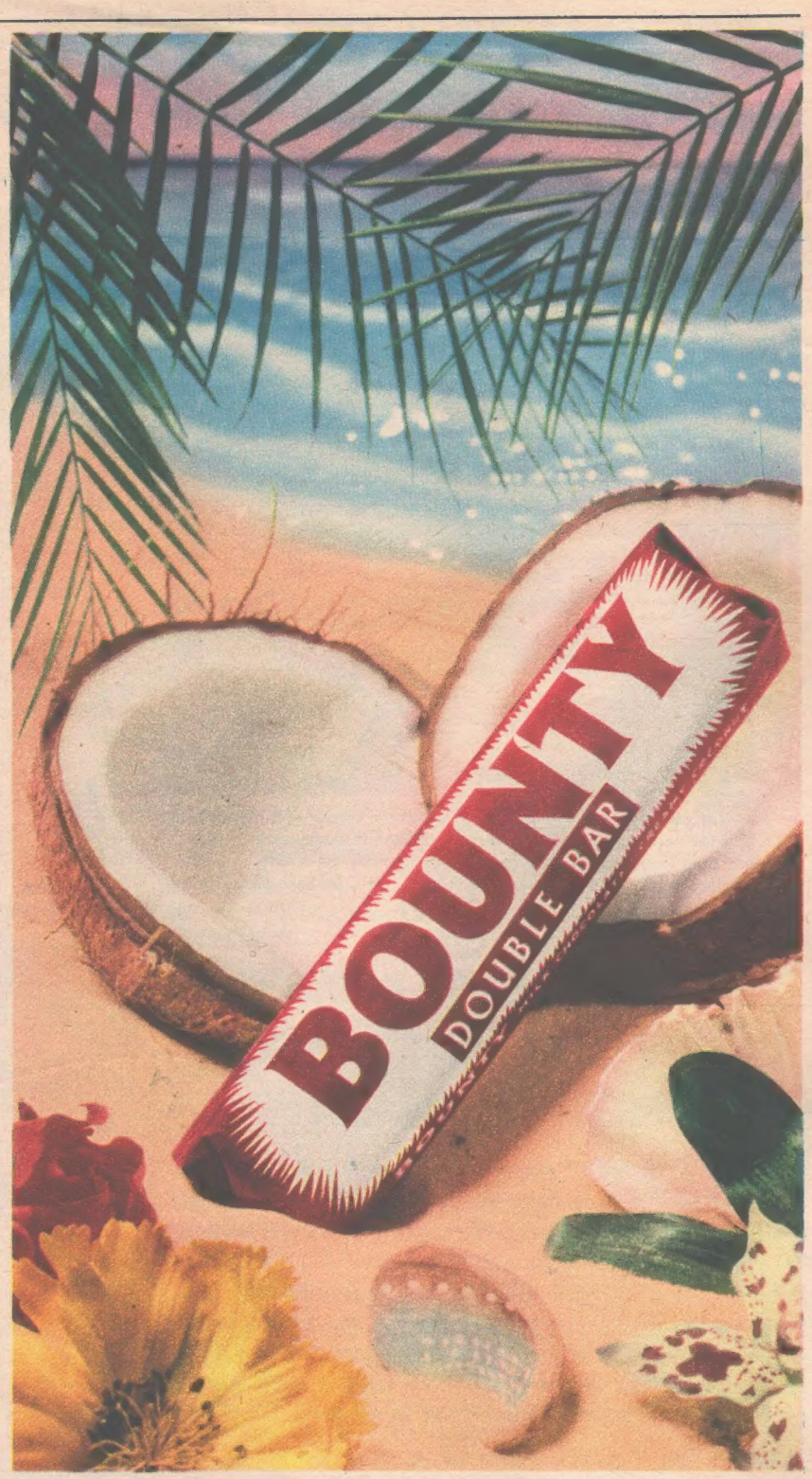

There's South-Sea Island magic in this

New Chocolate Thrill !

There's a wonderful new arrival in the chocolate world! Bounty, an extra-special chocolate coconut bar!

But what coconut!
Much creamier, richer, smoother than you've ever tasted before!

And what chocolate!
Thick full-cream milk chocolate — the way you love it when it comes from Mars!

Get a Bounty from your sweetshop to-day!

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Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

Farm worker's wife (37) *and gardener* (70) *both found*

Rheumatic misery relieved

by using FYNNON SALT

Mrs. Wilson has a busy life and she enjoys every minute of it. In addition to the usual housework she takes care of an extensive garden which is her special pride. Mrs. Wilson's ten year old boy makes lots of work but, now that her fibrositis doesn't bother her, she takes it in her stride.

No one would think Mr. Hill was seventy to see him at his active tasks as gardener and handyman at a hospital. Yet not long ago he could hardly move and was unable to do many things for himself. Now he wields a saw with a will and travels to work on his cycle every day.

HERE'S HOPE FOR BRITAIN'S ONE MILLION ADULT SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM

Mrs. Jenny Wilson, 37, housewife of Charing, Kent, writes: **'For the past year I have suffered attacks of fibrositis, gradually these attacks got more painful. Unable to bear the pain and discomfort any longer, I started using Fynnon Salt. The results were amazing . . . A few months ago, housework was a most painful job for me to do, as the slightest movement of my arms was agony. Now I have started my spring cleaning and it is a real pleasure doing it . . . I shall always have Fynnon Salt in my medicine chest.'**

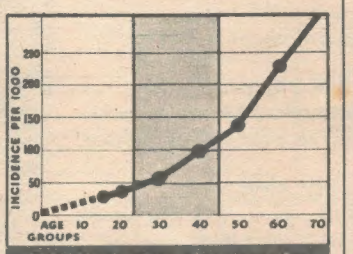
Mr. A. J. Hill, 70 year old gardener of Windsor, Berks., also gives Fynnon Salt credit for relieving his rheumatism. He writes: **'. . . two years ago I could hardly move . . . I had to get the wife to push me out of bed when I wanted to get up and for over a year I could not get on my cycle . . . Then a friend recommended Fynnon Salt, and many thanks to them I have been back doing gardening, including scythe work.'**

The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices

THE relief from disabling pain which Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Hill have found from taking Fynnon Salt, has been the experience of countless sufferers, as hundreds of grateful letters testify.

Too many people shrug off pains as just 'a touch of rheumatism'. Yet the truth is that in terms of suffering, disablement and loss of working time, rheumatism leads all other diseases.

The medical profession's growing concern over the menace of rheumatism has revealed surprising facts about its prevalence —facts that are still little known to the public. A recent survey in an industrial town showed that almost one person in every five was suffering from some form of rheumatism!



This chart gives a conservative picture of rheumatism in Great Britain. The revelation that rheumatism often starts in middle life stresses the advisability of early treatment.

Early treatment advisable

Another fact disclosed by research strongly underlines the need for early treatment. **It has been found that the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis, lumbago and the less acute forms of rheumatism are between the ages of 25 and 45.** But while the number of these cases appears to decline among elderly people, a proportion develop in later years into the more persistent kind of rheumatism.

As research has increased our knowledge of the incidence of rheumatism, it has also produced general agreement among medical men that improper elimination of waste from the body frequently accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions.

This emphasis on waste elimination explains why Fynnon Salt's two-way action has proved of such benefit to so many.

How Fynnon works

1. Fynnon Salt is an effective but gentle aperient working on the scientific principles of osmosis. This natural process utilises body fluid filtered through the intestinal tissues to rid the system of waste matter.

2. It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the concentration of impurities in the blood—the approved treatment for certain rheumatic conditions.

The special virtue of Fynnon Salt lies in the even balance of its aperient and diuretic properties. Salts commonly have one or the other property to a marked degree, but Fynnon Salt has both in almost equal measure. Thus, by itself, Fynnon Salt is a complete internal cleansing agent. In composition it resembles the waters of certain spas, long famous for their success in treating rheumatism.

Act on first twinges

Fynnon Salt can do most for you if taken early, when the first twinges are felt. Keep up the treatment (adjusting the dosage to your individual need) until Fynnon's unique combination of mineral salts has a chance to help you.

The daily use of Fynnon Salt has brought to thousands of sufferers freedom and relief from the aches and pains of rheumatism. Let it bring similar relief for you too. *But if you are seriously worried about your condition, or if it fails to respond to treatment, don't fail to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT

For the relief of all forms of muscular rheumatism

LUMBAGO · SCIATICA
FIBROSITIS · RHEUMATISM · GOUT · NEURITIS

LARGE TIN 2/4½d.

FORMULA. Approximately: Sodium Sulphate 95·96%, Sodium Bicarbonate 1·95%, Potassium Sulphate 2·05%, Lithium Sulphate 0·033%, Iron and Sodium Chloride: Traces

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John Bull begins the adventures of a big-game hunter on safari

AFRICAN FURY

by GEORGE MICHAEL

George Michael: on left, he is filming rhinos

"A good hunter should not be judged by the number of animals he kills —but by how he kills and why . . . "

IT WAS COLD on deck, and when the wind changed, some of the people who had been watching the land drop behind into the sea went down thankfully to their cabins. Soon only a handful of us were left, leaning over the wooden rail, watching the east coast of Africa grow smaller beyond the white flurry of the foam as the ship's propellers took up the strain.

A flying-fish plop-plopped near our wake and one of my companions drew attention to it. I had seen him come up the gangway of the ship just before me, a tall man in a corduroy cap, pleasant-faced; I put him down as a tourist who had been to South Africa and was now on his way home. He turned to his party and, jerking his head in the direction of the fast-vanishing coastline, he said: "Looks damned uncheerful out there, doesn't it? Lonely. Darkest Africa and all that."

A woman shivered. "Miserable," she said.

The man shook his head sadly. "It must be a wretched life. All right if you like it, I suppose—if you're a big-game hunter or something like that. Doubt if a hunter would notice much what sort of place he was in, anyway. Not the imaginative type, surely, or he wouldn't choose that job."

I said nothing, although there was plenty I could have said. My companions left me, chattering their way down into the warmth. The man had gone, but his words stayed with me, an annoyance in the mind. For what he had said was wrong, quite wrong; and I think that I should know, for I am a professional hunter myself, and have been for sixteen years. It is my experience that the true hunter is a man of great imagination. How, if

you come to think of it, can it be otherwise?

A good hunter should not be judged by the number of animals he has killed—but by *how* he killed or stalked them, and *why*. A bad hunter —or an inexperienced tourist with a gun, a man just out for the thrill of it—can cause immeasurable misery.

An incident comes to mind that illustrates this. I remember once following the spoor of an elephant, and noticing that near every drinking-place where he stopped there were round holes in the wet sand, about eighteen inches deep. I could tell by the tracks that the elephant had gone down on his knees by the water-hole and dug his tusk into the mud several times.

I could not think why, until I caught up with him and, having killed him, discovered that a badly aimed bullet had hit one of his tusks near the base and split it almost down to the end. In the elephant's giant agony he had dug this cracked tusk into any cool earth he could find to ease the pain. When I examined it, the crack was full of hard, dried mud.

Think for a minute what pain that callous shot had caused, and remember that an elephant can live for a hundred years; there would be no escape from that pain until death released him. Think, too, of the damage he could cause if this pain drove him mad or "rogue."

Such elephants frequently terrorize native villages, charging through them, flattening the primitive huts into the earth, trying to work out their pain in bad temper and viciousness. The good hunter knows this; he only shoots to kill—and to kill quickly. He can imagine the welter of misery and agony that can follow a badly aimed shot.

South Africa's Bertram Mills

Leaning over that rail, my thoughts roamed back over many elephant hunts. I remembered especially a trek I'd made with a couple of friends only that February. . . .

February in Pretoria is a hot, dusty month; too hot for the usual hunting trips that tourists want. It is a month when I sit down and do my paper work, not a task I like at all.

I was glancing through the morning mail in my office when I came across a letter from an old friend of mine, William Pagel. The Pagel family runs the biggest circus we have in the Union of South Africa, a concern as well known to us as Bertram Mills is in Britain.

"Dear George (he wrote), Our mutual friend, Chief Tshekedi Khama, has written asking me if I know of anyone who could come up to Bechuanaland and destroy a number of elephants that have been causing an enormous amount of damage. I thought that perhaps you would be interested.

"As you know, I have been trying to obtain a couple of baby elephants for my circus. If you do decide to go to Bechuanaland, I would esteem it a great favour indeed if you would at the same time try to get these elephants for me. I would pay up to £250 each for them. . . ."

That same day I drove over to Pagel's farm and told him I'd be pleased to go, provided I could take a couple of friends along with me. He suggested that I should write to Khama.

Guests Of Tshekedi Khama

A few days later I received a reply. Khama said that he was pleased that I could come, and added that he was applying to the authorities for permission for my party to shoot twelve grown elephants and to capture two young ones. He expected this permission to arrive within a few days, and until then he invited us all to stay with him as his guests.

This was enough for me. I rang up two friends of mine, Brian, an Englishman, and Louis, an Afrikaans dentist, and explained the situation to them. They were delighted to be offered a whole elephant shoot laid on free. People pay as much as £100 a week for such sport.

After a two-day journey of five hundred miles, mostly over dirt roads, we arrived at Serowe just after midday. Serowe, later in the news when Seretse Khama brought out his English wife, was then a sleepy and remote place. About 30,000 people were living there, and each family had its own little group of wattle huts drawn apart from the rest, and surrounded by a stockade of stakes driven into the ground to form a close fence.

Tshekedi Khama is a quietly spoken man who dresses soberly in European clothes. He conducted the lunch in English fashion. After we were seated, he rang a small iron bell, placed near him on the table, and a waiter appeared dressed in a white uniform. Khama carved the joint himself, keeping up a flow of conversation the while. He neither drinks nor smokes, so we had lemonade with our lunch. While we were talking after lunch, a government messenger arrived with the official permission for the hunt.

We stayed that night in the chief's guest-house, an incongruous building to find rising above the cone-shaped roofs of the native huts. It had been specially built, after the Victorian style of English architecture, for the visit of the Duke of Windsor, as Prince of Wales, in the twenties. The bed he had slept in was still preserved, an imposing double bed with brass knobs. The chief gave it to me for the night.

We left Serowe early the next morning with a native guide, our destination being a small village called Madinare about 150 miles away, where an old chief, Pethu, was headman. Chief Pethu impressed me very much. He was an elegant old man, quite blind, who spoke English reasonably well, and I am sure that he had dressed up especially to meet us. He wore a black Homburg hat and a loud check suit. He was accompanied by his nephew, Seletso, who spoke English well, a cheerful young man, always smoking, and one of the best elephant trackers I have ever come across.

The chief told us of the destruction caused by the elephants. He couldn't understand why the government wanted to preserve them so closely and why official permission to hunt them was necessary. "They trample our water-holes, kill our people, destroy our crops and cattle. Why should we protect them?" he asked. To a question put like that I had no answer.

We discussed our procedure for the hunt, and decided to take Seletso along with us and also his friend Kopano. We wanted to make for a little village called Butuli, where we hoped we would be able to get some first-hand information on the movements of the herd.

Trampled Livestock To Death

We made an early start before dawn, in the truck, and arrived in Butuli at about nine o'clock the same morning. Within a few minutes, we were completely surrounded by men, women and older children, all talking at the same time and all trying to tell us that the elephants had paid them a visit on the previous night and completely wrecked the wooden enclosure into which the goats and cattle were driven every evening. A number of goats had been trampled to death and the best milking cow was so maimed that it had to be killed.

Apparently, the herd had gone down to a water-hole to drink and surprised some of the native cattle which had wandered out from the enclosure. They charged the cattle, trumpeting with rage, and the terrified beasts had scattered into the bush. Some had not returned, and others had been killed where they stood.

Natives had rushed shouting to the scene, firing their ancient muzzle-loaders. These old guns are very little use, but the natives like them. Many are so short of ammunition that when they do kill some animal they dig out the slug from its body and use it over again. I met a native once who had shot the same slug thirty-eight times.

In this case, the noise of the guns and the irritation of the lead slugs in the elephants' hides only made things worse. The herd turned and ran right through the village in a mass.

Heard The Elephants "Talking"

The day was still young, so I decided to go after the elephants at once while their spoor was fresh and clear. I selected ten boys from the mob around us, and we set off. We managed to drive the truck for about ten miles beyond Butuli before the bush closed over the track and we could go no farther. Where we stopped the truck we established our camp.

We trekked for a few miles and saw no signs of the elephants through the mopani—a sort of tree from three to twenty feet high. At last we reached a tiny village—just a few cone-like huts of tufted grass grouped together in a clearing—and we asked for news. Yes, said the headman, only that morning they had heard elephants trumpeting and "talking" to each other with their strange, thin, screaming cries. I calculated that they must still be quite near, for elephants do not usually move quickly if they have young with them as this herd had.

We went on. About a mile out of the village

Out fishing with Tom Kelly, the family cook. George Michael was about eleven and already a keen hunter. One great day—when he was fourteen—he shot a leopard in a lone encounter

Michael poses with a dead elephant, one of a herd that had stampeded through a village. Called in to kill the herd, he and two friends bagged nine

we saw the first fresh spoor, and then we knew definitely we were on the right track. Elephants have markings on the soles of their feet, much the same as we have fingerprints. According to how sharp these markings are in their footprints, a good tracker can gauge just how old the prints may be. These prints were fresh; the ridges in them were as sharp and well-defined as if they had been cut with a knife. We were probably only a few miles behind the herd. Brian, Louis and I strung out in single file.

Move As Silently As Ghosts

For about three miles, the three of us went in single file, with Seletso up in front and the rest a little way back, and watching each side. Elephants move among the tall mopani as silently as ghosts. Often you only know they are there if you can catch their peculiar musty smell when the wind changes and blows it back at you, or when you hear the rumble of the sixty gallons or so of water a full-grown bull carries in his stomach.

Suddenly we knew we were near the elephants, because we could see, about a hundred yards away, the tops of the trees moving and trembling and springing back again, tufts of foliage waving like plumes above the forest as the elephants tore at the branches lower down.

"This is it," I whispered over my shoulder to Brian and Louis. "Don't shoot now until I do—whatever happens. I want to see where the calves are before we start anything." A pause, in which the branches shook against the sky and the familiar odour of the elephants blew downwind towards us.

"Right. Safety catches off. And see your backsights are set. These branches often knock them up." They checked and nodded.

"Okay," they said. Up front near the kill, conversation is usually brief, laconic. You've no time for words. Your mouth feels dry and your tongue is like rind; and no matter how experienced you are there is always a little flutter near your heart.

We advanced slowly, step by step, rifles up at the ready, not as the English sportsmen carry them, in the crook of the arm. Then, unexpectedly, I saw the elephants. They were in a clearing among the mopani, slowly working their way towards us, tearing off young branches with their trunks.

We stopped, watching warily, ready for that quick outward turn of the huge sail-like ears which they use like radar reflectors, searching for the direction of any strange noise. But their ears remained flat against their heads, only twitching now and then as forest flies buzzed around their eyes.

I could see a little calf, quite plainly, nuzzling its mother with pleasure, going right underneath her and coming out on the other side, then going back again. I looked along the herd and there, on the other side, sure enough, was a second calf with its mother.

Penalty Of Being Cocksure

The wind was in our favour, but we stayed still. Many a man has lost his life in the bush by becoming too cocksure just because the wind was on his side. He has made some tiny noise, probably without knowing it, and at once the elephants were on him, stampeding wildly, treading him into the earth.

We did not know in which direction the herd would stampede after the first shot, so I cautiously crept up to a fairly stout tree which would at least give me some protection if the herd came our way.

"Pick yourselves trees," I told the others quietly. "Strong and big enough to give you some cover. When the rush starts make sure you're not in the open." They nodded.

The first cow elephant suddenly lifted up her head and looked sideways. I thought she had spotted us or heard something. She presented a perfect target. I raised my rifle—a 10.75-mm. Mauser—and shot her in her temple between her ear and her eye. For a moment she stayed upright and then she crumpled like a tent with the poles knocked out, dropping on all fours in an upright position.

After the first shot, the herd milled around uneasily, knowing there was danger, but not sure which way to run. Very often a cow elephant leads the herd, and maybe the one I had shot had been the leader, and they were waiting for her to make the first move.

Earth Shook With The Stampede

Before they realized what had happened, I spun round, automatically reloaded and dropped the second cow elephant. At this second shot, the whole herd lifted up their trunks, and bellowing with rage they stampeded towards us.

I fired the remaining four bullets of my magazine in rapid succession. With each shot, an elephant dropped. The whole earth seemed to be shaking with the commotion of the stampede and the great beasts falling, bringing down trees and mopani as they crashed to the ground.

Pulling more bullets out of my belt, I took a quick look behind me to see how Brian and Louis were faring. I saw Brian, face set, his rifle smoking in his hand, pumping another bullet into the chamber. I couldn't see Louis for a few seconds, and I thought at first he had bolted, but I'd wronged the man. He was so keen to get his shot in that he followed the herd, running after them and firing as he ran.

The rest of the native boys had fled. One admitted later that when they heard the trumpeting and the firing and the crashing of the branches they lost their nerve and went scrambling madly up trees, into hollows, behind rocks—anywhere to get out of the way.

We reloaded and waited where we were, behind our trees, to see if the elephants would

Continued on page 29

Boy with ambition

by ***WILL SCOTT***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

His brother laughed, his mother cried and his father threatened him. Who on earth did he think he was?

WHEN THEY HAD done carving John Harper about, they sent him home. They thought that meant the white house at Oakland where you could see the sun drop into the Pacific. He thought so, too.

He was good, they told him, for another twenty years, with care. After that, home should have seemed more like home than ever. But it started him thinking about Stackwall.

That meant Freddy, too, for a minute. You couldn't think about Freddy for long. There was nothing to think about. He was simply a stick-in-the-mud who had stuck in the mud.

Since their parents had died in the blitz, the brothers had lost touch completely. A couple of letters, the last, from one or the other, unanswered. Then nothing. There had never been anything to keep them in touch.

And most likely Freddy himself was dead by now. To John's way of thinking, he had never had anything to keep him alive.

But Stackwall would be there. Altered, no doubt, so that he would hardly know it. But there.

He hadn't thought about Stackwall for years. He didn't know why he was thinking about it now. Perhaps they had been a little too hearty, promising him those extra twenty years. Or was it adding that bit about "with care"?

He had never felt so restless in all his restless life. It was as if he had to get places before he was overtaken.

He came over in the Queen Elizabeth. His Packard came with him. It was strange, he thought, that he who had seen nearly all of the rest of the world had never seen the England in which he had been born. Except for the few miles round Stackwall.

He found it pleasant to be stared at as he slid across the little counties in his Packard. They had never stared at him the last time. He had been nobody at all then. You couldn't be anybody and come from Mulberry Street. Not until Mulberry Street didn't show any more.

Perhaps it was the Packard. Every inch of it was white, which caused no comment back in Oakland, but made people stop and look round every time he slowed down here.

The nearer he got to Stackwall the more people stared. He wished he had left the Packard in London and come on by train. The belching chimney-stacks, the mean streets, tram-lined, made the Packard look wrong. He garaged the car in the middle of the town, but even there there was comment. He wasn't risking it in Mulberry Street. What the street was like now he couldn't tell. But in the old days it would have thrown stones at white Packards.

He found Mulberry Street changed. It wasn't just the gaps that the war had made. They were only at one corner, and you could turn your back on that. It wasn't the shabbiness, the ten-year-old paint, where paint there was, the cracked window-panes, the dustbins at the kerb. He could remember all that, *had* remembered it often enough in Oakland. It hadn't given up hope. It had never had any.

But now it was so quiet and empty. There were no grown-ups to gape sneeringly at his grand overcoat. Two children only played in the gutter where once he had played without any toes to his shoes. They looked at him once and went on playing.

He stopped in front of No. 10 and was glad that Oakland wasn't looking. He wouldn't have been surprised if his long-dead father had come out and cuffed his ear. That would have seemed more real than Mulberry Street seemed after all this time.

IT had been, he reflected, a bit of a tragedy from the very start. Being born in such a place had been a mistake. And part of the tragedy was that they had never even tried to see that he could never have been satisfied with *this*, loyal to it, proud of it, as they had been. He could remember his father saying to a neighbour who was moving out to the new edge: "I was born in this very house and here I stay." As if the fact itself deserved a medal.

He wondered why he had come back. Perhaps, without knowing it, to show himself that you could triumph over most things if you had the will to get the power—even over the threat in "twenty years, with care." A man who had climbed out of Mulberry Street to where he had climbed had only to make his mind up.

"That boy's growing up sullen," he could remember his father saying. "We're not having that in our family, if I have to thrash it out of him."

And he could remember their faces when they found what was really wrong with him.

"But what does he *mean*? Mulberry Street's been good enough for us all this time."

And after that it had been one long quarrel after another—until the last one, when he had thrown a teapot at Freddy's head and cleared out.

He had often recalled that day when they found out what was really wrong with him. That moment when Freddy, being the first, had found out and thought he had gone mad.

It had been up at that cottage across the fields. Something Cottage. What was its

"One day," he said casually, "I shall buy this

name? Sunshine Cottage? No. His memory wasn't what it had been. Which made him think of his age next birthday.

He was fourteen at the time, Freddy a couple of years older. How they managed to be free he could not remember, but he and Freddy had got out of the smoke of Stackwall for one whole day. With sandwiches and a bottle of pop between them they had gone right out into the country. Five miles into it.

And seen the cottage for the first time.

ON the bank of a dry ditch opposite the cottage they had their sandwiches and pop. And he, staring across at the cottage, had talked. A silly thing to do, with nobody else to talk to but a dumb type like Freddy, but it had to come out one way or another.

"One day," he said without thinking, "I'll buy this place and live in it."

Freddy had turned, pop bottle at mouth and looked at him, then turned again and looked at the cottage. The tops of the old chimneys

cottage and live in it." His brother turned, pop bottle in hand, and looked at him. "What, you?" he sneered. "Live here? What do you think you are?"

had been red from the sun over the trees at the boys' backs. A third time Freddy had turned, lowering the bottle.

"You mean you wish!" he said.

"I mean I will!" said John.

And Freddy had laughed. That showed the sensation it had made, because Freddy hardly ever laughed.

"You?" Freddy had said. "Live here? What do you think *you* are?"

Which had forced things out of him that he had never meant to talk about. Looking back, he called them dreams now, but that would have been too fanciful a word for Mulberry Street kids at the time. Money, and bossing it over other people, and living life as *you* wanted it. This cottage, up in the clean air, with long views from your bedroom window. And out of Mulberry Street for ever.

Which had made Freddy laugh again.

"How do you reckon you're going to do it?"

"There are ways."

Within five minutes of their return to Stackwall his cherished dreams were known all over Mulberry Street. Freddy never could keep his mouth shut.

Most of Mulberry Street had sniggered. The only place where there was no sniggering was No. 10. His mother had looked half proud and half frightened. His father had wanted to knock some sense into the boy.

"So Mulberry Street isn't good enough for you, eh? Come here, my lad. What's getting into that head of yours? You're not getting the idea that you're better than we are, are you? Where do you think the money's coming from to buy this wonderful cottage of yours?"

He had tried to be reasonable, which was never a good move in Mulberry Street. He had mentioned ambition, which was probably the first time the word had ever been spoken there. He said he would be able to buy the cottage one day if he *wanted* it enough in the meantime. Wanting, he said was half the battle. He said you didn't have to live in Mulberry Street all your life, just because you happened to have been born there.

His father, taking this as a personal slur, had then and there started the first of the big rows. After which he had gone out, stayed out and come in drunk at midnight. His mother had spent the evening crying and had managed to make John believe that something was all his fault.

And in bed that night Freddy had called him "my lord."

"You could do with a bit of ambition yourself, Freddy," he remembered saying. Then he had pretty well shouted: "You'll stick in the mud until it's too late!"

And Freddy had laughed again.

After that, it was only a matter of time. He was called sullen more and more. His father used to draw him out just for the fun of telling him he was too big for his boots. Then he stopped talking to any of them except his mother, who was too frightened of his father to let him know that she'd like to be proud of him

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by DAVID DIVINE

Lisette: one of K. J. Petts's brilliant full-colour illustrations

A YOUNG Englishman lies critically ill at a farm in the Transvaal. He is a man with a secret—a secret that can change the face of a continent, and ruin the family of the girl he loves. . . . So begins *The Golden Fool*, David Divine's magnificent new novel, which starts in JOHN BULL next week.

THE SECRET is—gold; the Englishman is Anthony Stopford, a prospector who has struck lucky; the girl is Lisette, daughter of Jacques Lemaire, the Boer farmer who has saved Stopford's life. Lemaire, a simple, deeply religious man, knows that goldmines will destroy the life he loves. News of the gold must not leak out. The Englishman must be kept at the farm for a few months, to try to understand their attitude.

THE STORY of those months—and of the developing passion between Stopford and Lisette, that splits the family and the countryside—is brilliantly told. Stopford is branded as a spy, and Lisette as a loose woman for associating with him. Their bitter struggle, for their lives and their love, reaches a wonderful pitch of dramatic intensity.

Every sight and smell, every glowing colour of the sun-baked veld is here, in this thrilling and absorbing story. *The Golden Fool* is vividly illustrated in full colour by K. J. Petts, and the first long instalment begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

one day. His life became a kind of secret, and he had less and less to say to anyone. One day he even made a secret excursion to the cottage and planned how, when it was his, he would lay out the garden.

The end was sudden. His father said something and Freddy laughed for the fourth time. He had an awful vision of Freddy making a habit of laughing at him. Freddy—who never laughed at anything! He picked up the teapot and threw it at Freddy's head. Then he went out and slammed the door.

IT wasn't as easy as he had imagined, at first. He had seen himself writing bragging letters home, tarnting them with their lack of enterprise, perhaps including an occasional ten-pound note from the only one of their obscure family to make good. But it hadn't worked out like that. It had been nothing but slogging for a long time.

First in London. Then in ship after ship. Then in South Africa. The States. Canada.

When at last he had something to brag about, he wrote off to Mulberry Street quick enough. Later on he had sent them money from time to time. But there was never any friendliness about it. It never left a happy taste. Letters between them were few, and those from Mulberry Street were always written by Freddy, who was no letter writer and had no wish to be one. And after their father and mother were killed, even these quickly petered out.

And now it was all over and done with. Except that here he was, back again in dingy Mulberry Street, suddenly beginning to feel old. Mulberry Street made him feel older than he really was, because it made everything seem so long ago.

A shabby figure came out of a paintless door, dropped something in one of the dustbins, stopped to frown at him.

"I'm looking for Mr. Harper," said John. The shabby figure shook its head. It said it didn't know.

"They called him Freddy," John explained

The shabby figure still didn't know. The people in No. 10 were named Smith. The shabby figure suggested the shop at the corner. "They know everybody."

He tried the corner shop. But the man there, although knowing everybody, had been there only seven years. Nobody had been there very long, he said. What with the war and things. Some had gone. Some had died. It was a new population. What about trying the police? They might know.

John crept away. He went back into the town by tramcar and almost savagely claimed his white Packard.

Where now? The Lakes? The Highlands? Killarney? He supposed it would have to be Stratford-on-Avon. They all began there.

What was the name of that cottage? Sunshine Cottage? Sunset Cottage? He could remember the road to it quite easily.

He pressed the starter. Just for old times' sake, since the cottage had more or less started it all, that long time ago. And he was never likely to be this way again.

Though new housing estates had crept out towards it, they had not reached it. It was still in the country. It looked more or less as it had looked that first day.

There was a sundial over the front porch. Of course! Sundial Cottage!

He leant over the gate, watching a tired man pushing a hoe between rows of cabbages where once had been a smooth lawn. Why, he wondered, must people spoil places. You can grow cabbages anywhere.

They stared at each other, John wanting to tell the other to stop what he was doing at once.

Then he eased up from the gate and gave the tired man a sharp look. He pushed open the gate.

"Freddy!" he said.

The tired man looked puzzled. Then he spotted something in John's walk. "It isn't John?" he said.

It was easier than John thought. Perhaps that was one of the advantages of growing old. You got to the heart of things at once. They sat side by side in the garden and brought each other up to date.

"Why have you come back?" Freddy asked.

John could only shake his head at that. Then he said: "What are you doing here?"

FREDDY smiled. "I live here," he said. "Everybody we ever knew left Mulberry Street. When Mother and Father died, there was nothing to stay for. I thought I'd move out—get a bit of fresh air. I bought the cottage nine years ago."

"Bought it?" said John.

"Well, I suppose *you* did in a way. Do you remember how you used to say you would? That day in the ditch over the road. It was that money you sent the old people. Father would never touch it. He wanted to send it back, but Mother was firm for once. Not that she touched it, either, but she wouldn't have him do that to you. When they went, it came to me. The doctor said I had to have country air and the cottage was going cheap. And I didn't know where else to go."

John shook his head at the way things had turned out.

"And you're all on your own?"

"Ay. I was never the marrying sort."

After a long time, John said: "Why don't you come back with me, Freddy?"

"Nay," said Freddy. "I'm settled here and I reckon I'll stay here. I'm too old to shift."

"We could go round the world together," said John. "I'd show you places you wouldn't believe. I've nothing else to do with my money."

"I haven't got the interest in other places."

"You wouldn't have to scratch any more," said John, looking at the cabbages in the ruined lawn.

"I was born scratching," said Freddy. "It's my nature now. I'm used to it. I can tackle this without worrying."

He looked up at the old place, the sundial over the porch, the little square windows, the well at the side, the way the sun from over the trees turned the tops of the old chimneys red.

"This just suits me," he said.

"You never did have any ambition, did you, Freddy?" said John. THE END

Yvonne de Carlo makes glamour a laughing matter

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World danced her way to Hollywood. But now she turns to comedy. She knows that she can't stay in the harem for ever

PEGGY YVONNE MIDDLETON, a comely, grey-eyed spinster of twenty-nine, occasionally wears on her left hand an expensive ring glittering with eight precious stones. Miss Middleton, a Vancouver girl better known as Hollywood's Yvonne de Carlo or The Most Beautiful Girl in the World, likes to tell visitors that this piece of jewellery is made from all the engagement rings that, at one time or another, have decorated the third finger of her left hand. They often believe her.

Yvonne has certainly enjoyed the attentions of enough prosperous suitors, both real and fictional, to accumulate the stones for such a ring. In Hollywood, where they make a business of these matters, it was once said that Yvonne, not told who would be her fiancé of the week, broke off an engagement that the publicity department had not intended to start until next Sunday's newspapers.

Although Yvonne's Hollywood career has thrived on reports of prospective romances involving, among others, film stars, movie moguls, a bullfighter and the Shah of Persia, the stunt with the multi-stoned ring has only developed with the current English phase of her career. Since making one British comedy a year over the past three years, Yvonne has come to the conclusion that an actress's best friend is not so much glamour as a sense of humour.

To Hollywood At Thirteen

The de Carlo story began on Comox Street in West Vancouver, where Yvonne was born on September 1, 1924. By the time she was eleven, as Peggy Middleton, she had earned her first five dollars for a poem, "A Little Boy."

Mrs. Middleton had enrolled her little girl in a dancing school and in the choir of St. Paul's Church. The child also produced her own plays at home—*Scrooge* for Christmas—with her cousin in the title rôle. "I was three-quarters of the other parts," she recalls, "including Marley's ghost and the rest of the ghosts as well."

This interest in play-acting encouraged Mrs. Middleton to believe that her daughter's future lay in Hollywood, and at the age of thirteen Yvonne and her mother rode south for the movie capital. Mrs. Middleton went to work. Yvonne was enrolled in dancing school. When their money ran low, mother and daughter

With Tutte Lemkov (right) Yvonne rehearses the dances for her film *The Golden Key*. Yet she was once told: "You're too lazy to make a dancer"

Yvonne with Alec Guinness in *The Captain's Paradise*. Instead of being overawed by the famous actor, she remarked: "A woman with my shape in his pictures might help his romantic appeal"

would retreat to Vancouver. Then back to Hollywood.

"You're wasting your time," the dancing instructors declared. "You'll never make a dancer. You're too lazy."

Mother, sometimes working as a waitress to pay for the lessons, wouldn't listen. "I *was* lazy," Yvonne says. "I wanted to sing opera. And sometimes I skipped dancing classes to visit an observatory and gape at the universe."

Later, Yvonne appeared in a few films as a hat-check girl or in some other non-speaking part. Her actual acting début took place when she was loaned to a small company that was producing *The Deerslayer*, a classic Red Indian epic. Yvonne was Princess Wah Tah. "I spoke," she says, "but only in grunts. Most of the time I sat in a tent waiting to be married."

Then an agent suggested that the budding actress should try for the part of the Wolf Woman in a serial film, but Yvonne was turned down on the grounds that she was too small. She went back to making the dreary rounds of the studios hoping to attract a producer's eye. "When you got to see one," she says, "you were in and out of the office in two seconds."

Walter Wanger saw the young Canadian girl and agreed to give her a Technicolor test. "All you have to do," the agent said, "is to act very sexy. Just lie on a couch, then do a dance. This may be the turning point."

Two months later, Yvonne woke up one morning in the modest hotel room she shared with her mother and found at the door a stack of newspapers. Each one carried the announcement that Wanger had discovered The Most Beautiful Girl in the World and that her name was Yvonne de Carlo.

In traditional Hollywood fashion, the announcement stated that Yvonne was the winner of a contest involving 20,000 beautiful women and that the producer's attention had been drawn to the Canadian beauty by a group of airmen in the Royal Canadian Air Force. It was the first Yvonne had heard of any contest, but she knew who her R.C.A.F. champion was—her cousin, Ken McKenzie.

Until she began making films in England, the de Carlo reputation was based on glamour accented in the American fashion. Although she is not a great beauty in her own right, Yvonne is transformed by the colour cameras. The dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes and the fair-skinned complexion are ideally suited to the Technicolor process. Her slender five foot four inch figure seldom varies from eight stone five, and appears to good advantage in what she calls one of her "special gowns, bare midriff, exotic."

But now, Hollywood has reacted to Yvonne's English films. In her next American production, *Border River*, which will be released in Britain shortly, not one set of filmy draperies is included in her wardrobe. "I even wear clothes that would keep me warm on a cold day," says Yvonne.

Border River is an American civil war drama set on the banks of the Rio Grande. Because that famous river, forming the border between Texas and Mexico, is not what it used to be, the film was actually made nearly a thousand miles away in Utah, on the banks of the Colorado River.

Yvonne plays the proprietress of a dance-hall café called El Gallo, and only one mishap was recorded as a result of her being denied her usual exotic costumes. While pleading for the hero's life, Yvonne's voice was drowned by a noise described by the sound technicians as a mixture between a coffee grinder and a set of rusty cog-wheels. The interference was traced to the star's watch. Unaccustomed to such voluminous garments, Yvonne had forgotten to remove it before going in front of the cameras for an extreme close-up.

Since making this Hollywood film, Yvonne has completed another English comedy, *O'Leary Night*, has returned to Hollywood for Christmas and will soon be back in Britain on her way to Egypt. There she hopes to make *The Loves Of Pharaoh*. "It will mean a return to a dancing girl part," she says, "but at least the backgrounds will be authentic and I'll get to see the country."

Frequently her travels have the elements of Hollywood scenarios. In Israel, the police uncovered a plot to kidnap her and she made a series of personal appearances with an armed escort that whisked her in and out of theatres and concert halls. In Uruguay, where summer is at its height in January, she arrived for a New Year film festival swathed in a mink coat. In Italy, when her blue English car broke down, she was helped by two Italian counts.

Comedy Sharpened Her Wit

George Brown, an English producer who shares her taste for Spanish and other garlic-seasoned foods, took the gamble that started her in comedy. Yvonne herself takes credit for casting Alec Guinness opposite her in her second light feature, *The Captain's Paradise*.

When it was suggested that she should consider it an honour to appear with such a distinguished actor, she was quick with a pungent reply. "Maybe," she said, "having me in his film won't be so bad for Guinness either. After all, he doesn't often get a woman with my shape in his pictures. It might help him with his romantic appeal."

Love of animals—she has five dogs of assorted sizes at home—almost spoiled de Carlo's visit to Persia. Her appearances as an Oriental dancing girl, however far removed from reality, have given her a high star rating in the Middle East. Persians also enjoy de Carlo cowboy films; she is an accomplished equestrienne—an art she mastered in Hollywood. As the Shah of Persia's guest, Yvonne was invited to join the royal hunt. The hunting went almost too well. As the riders closed in for the kill, the guest of honour had to look the other way. Riding, she decided, was the sport for her. Hunting made her literally ill.

Projects Up Her Sleeve

Her emergence as a comedienne is, perhaps, a natural development of a Hollywood career not without its comic moments. She once appeared in a film that featured a talking camel, and she survived such film fates as being tied on a horse and carried off to a sheikh.

Yvonne became a film star in the classic style. Today she has a palatial home in Coldwater Canyon, and a mink coat (obtained on hire-purchase) and she generally appears in public wearing tinted glasses. However, the star is still a girl with her eyes on the future—she is a member of the British Interplanetary Society—and the switch from Hollywood heroine to English comedy was made after much thought.

"Yvonne," says one of her friends, "knows she can't spend the rest of her life impersonating harem girls. She has all sorts of projects up her sleeve—even to becoming a writer of children's stories." THE END

Peter's hand clamped suddenly over her mouth before she could speak. "For God's sake, Grazia, keep quiet," he whispered. "Lesset's outside"

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by ***VICTOR CANNING***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Peter and Tereza moved stealthily through the shattered streets. A single sound might cost them — and all the villagers — their lives

A TIDAL WAVE had flooded the island village of Portos Marias, off the Brazilian coast. Most of the villagers had been trapped in the ruined church. Peter Landers, a young Englishman, wandered dazedly through the appalling wreckage, looking for Tereza, the girl he loved.

Peter had just escaped from a grim struggle with five men: Lesset, an American; two brothers named Pastori; Assis, a fisherman who worked for them; and Dr. Jaeger, a refugee. Lesset's men were smugglers. They had been getting stolen jewels, shipped from Europe, into South America by sealing them in food tins and sending them to the mainland.

Peter had sailed from England in a cargo boat, the Turkish Slave, to investigate the racket for British insurance companies. In Portos Marias he had made friends with Quisto das Tegas, the leading citizen—and fallen in love with his daughter, Tereza. Together they had uncovered the smuggling ring.

Lesset's men were now repairing a damaged motor boat—their only hope of getting away from the island. Lesset thought Peter was dead: Peter let him think so. He would deal with Lesset after he had found Tereza. . . .

Suddenly he saw her, bruised and trembling, picking her way along the street. In a moment, sobbing with relief, she was in his arms.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Desperate Gamble

PETER led her into the nearest house and sat her on a chair. He found wine and held the glass for her to drink. Her eyes followed him and she put up a hand and took his, kissing it, and then she spoke his name. He fussed around, not knowing what to do, clumsy and tender and happy. He knelt before her and wrung out the water from the loose hem of her skirt. He found a piece of ribbon and looped back her disordered hair and would have bound it. Tereza smiled and took the ribbon from him. They were moments which they would never forget, a penetrating anguish and love and happiness enfolding them both.

Then they began to talk. Jaeger and Assis had gagged her and bound her wrists, and they had put her in the kitchen of Jaeger's house. Jaeger had been about the house until dawn. When he had left, she had struggled to free herself, sawing through her wrist-ropes on the broken glass of a cupboard door.

She lifted her hands, showing the cuts, and Peter kissed them.

As she had untied her gag the wave had hit the house. After that. . . . She did not know

clearly what had happened to her. She was a strong and wise swimmer and she had made no attempt to fight the water. She had let it take her and had been swept away into a nightmare, remembering only the blow which had struck her above the breast, and then no more until she had come back to consciousness, the sun warm on her face where she lay on a bed of sodden straw bales in a house yard.

It had been a long time before she felt able to move, and then she had come through the house and had begun to move down towards the square. . . .

As they talked, strength and purpose came back to her. Peter told her about Lesset and the people in the church, and saw the alarm in her eyes at the thought of her father and the others imprisoned there.

"They'll be all right. I swear it. But we must help them. I couldn't do anything until I'd found you."

Tereza looked at him as he talked. His brown hair was tangled over his forehead, the square blunt face, so honest and determined, was cut and scratched. His shirt and jacket were in shreds. He was hard and strong and she knew that he was hers. She wanted no one else. For the rest of her life she wanted only him. . . .

Ten minutes later they were making their way cautiously towards Commere Grazia's waterfront café. They had to have picks and shovels. They had to get back to the church and help to free the islanders.

By themselves they could not stop Lesset from escaping. They needed help, and, while they were getting it, they had to make sure that Lesset never suspected their presence. If he knew they were working at the church he would come after them. . . . It was going to be a race. Could they get the islanders from the church before Lesset had his boat ready for sea?

Peter could not answer that; but he knew he had to keep going, had to keep believing that he could.

Hugging the side of the houses they went down the street towards Commere Grazia's bodega. The working party in the square was out of sight, but they could hear it. They slipped through the side door and crossed to the storeroom.

It was a foot deep in water, and the only light came from an iron-barred window high up in the wall. Bales and crates, paint tins, coils of rope, tools and sodden clothing lay everywhere. They moved around, wading as quietly as they could, and eventually found two shovels and a pick. Peter took one shovel and the pick, and Tereza the other shovel. He was anxious to get out of this place. The slightest noise might betray them, since they were so near the working party.

They began to move towards the door. As they did so, there was a sudden disturbance of water on the far side of the room.

Peter and Tereza swung round. In the gloomy corner under the window a wet mass of empty sacks began to bulge and heave. Somebody grunted and sighed, and a clump of sacks slid away into the dark water. Then from the gloom there rose up the gigantic form of Commere Grazia. Water dripped from her, and her wet dress clung so closely to her ample figure that for a moment Peter thought she was naked.

She stood up, stretching her fat arms as though she had been sleeping, and shook her head to get the muzziness out of her mind, the flick of her curly hair spraying the walls with water. Then she saw Peter and Tereza. A great smile broke across her face, her teeth gleaming against the dark skin, and it was clear that she was going to give them a shout of welcome.

PETER moved quickly to her, clamped his hand over her mouth and whispered urgently: "For God's sake, Grazia. Keep quiet."

She frowned at him, her eyes round and puzzled over the top of his hand.

"We're in trouble. Lesset's outside and he's bad."

Grazia put up a hand and gently moved his from her mouth. She nodded.

"Whatever you do, don't make a noise."

"O.K., Mistah English. But what's goin' on here?" She looked from him to Tereza.

Before he could answer he heard the sound of the bodega door scraping against the floor. They stood there, the three of them, listening to the footsteps in the room beyond. Peter's eyes were on Grazia. The thought had come to him that for all he knew Grazia might well be working with Lesset. He heard the footsteps moving, scuffling across the sand-littered floor, crunching on broken glass, and his eyes never left Grazia. If she made a move they were lost.

They heard the clink of a bottle and the thump of a box being dumped on a table.

Cold horror suddenly struck at Peter. Beyond Grazia he saw the top sack of a tilted pile begin to move and slide gently to one side. Grazia, when she had risen, had put out a hand to help herself up and had disturbed the unsteady pile. He could do nothing. The sack slid away and fell. It hit Grazia on the shoulder, sending her two or three steps forward, the sound of her wading legs clear and noisy. The splash of the heavy sack subsided.

And now from the other room there was silence.

Peter waited, and his hands tightened round the pick haft. It was Lesset out there, he

Through a hole in the rubble, Quisto emerged, struggling to free himself. Desperately, they tugged at his arms—but the gap was too small

Peter was on his feet now, and a savage hatred for this man possessed him. His hands found Manuel's throat. He pressed and went on pressing

guessed. If he came in he was going to have a reception. He saw Tereza's face in the shadows. . . . Footsteps came slowly across the outer room. Peter turned his head and watched the half-open door. The water dripped from Grazia's clothes at his side in musical runnels to the flooded floor.

"Who's there?"

It was Lesset's voice.

There was nothing to be done. The man would call again and then move to the door and they would be discovered. He could manage Lesset, maybe, but the others would hear and that would be the end. . . . And then he saw Grazia.

Her face turned to him and there was a warm, comforting smile on it. Her hand came out gently and just touched him on the arm. The next moment she was wading past him and Tereza to the door. Stiffly, she hauled herself up the step and her great bulk blocked the opening.

OUTSIDE, in the main room, Lesset heard her coming. His hand in his pocket held the automatic. He heard the sigh as she lifted her great legs and then she was standing in the doorway, the water dripping from her gay dress. She stood there and ran her hands over her face, grumbling to herself like a woman disturbed from heavy sleep. Her hands went down and she saw him.

Her face lit up, she raised her fat, pudgy arms in a gesture of happiness and shouted loudly: "Heaven be praised. The world ain't ended and it's Mistah Lesset!"

In that moment, Lesset, although he smiled, cursed her inwardly. The men outside would have heard her: she had saved herself from the same treatment as Pasquale, the old cripple he had battered to death. If he shot her down in cold blood, he would have trouble with the men. Now Grazia would have to be taken with them, and somewhere at sea she could be dealt with. There must be no witnesses of their escape. . . .

"Grazia." He put his arm round her shoulder and helped her out into the sunshine. The three men had come running up at the sound of her voice and they stood there smiling at her as she began to tell them what had happened to her. She had been in the storeroom when the wave had struck, and a great pile of sacks and crates had fallen on her, knocking her out. After she had come round, it had taken her a long time to work her way free. She looked a sad sight, her dress torn and ripped.

"But Mistah Lesset, where is everybody? They still in the church?"

Lesset nodded. There was no escaping what was coming. He hurried it on. "They're trapped, but they're in no danger. We're fitting out a boat . . . to go and get help."

She was looking at him curiously, frowning, and he could sense the tenseness in the men.

"But we could all dig and get them out, Mistah Lesset. That's the thing to do."

"No." He let the hardness deliberately into his voice. "You just sit up here and don't stir around, Grazia. When we're ready to go, we'll go." He looked at the three men and then particularly at Assis. "And when we go, you'll have to come with us." He said it to them, not to her. And he knew they had understood. He waited for Assis to speak, but the man turned away and began to move back to the motor boat.

"Mistah Lesset. Ah'm going up there to see what can be done!" Grazia began to move.

"Stay where you are, Grazia, and don't interfere." He had the automatic openly in his hand now.

SLOWLY, Grazia lowered her weight to a good chair under the window of the bodega and stared at him. Her head was making a little nodding motion as though slowly she were putting a lot of things together in her mind.

"Sure, Mistah Lesset. Come to think it over now, Ah ain't surprised. You and Assis and the Pastori brothers. Sure. . . . Ah sees now what Ah didn't see before. . . . All the nights Ah sits out here and can't sleep, and Ah sees things." She was thinking of Peter and Tereza in the storeroom, remembering the pick and shovels they held. This man must not know about them. Peter had said he was a bad man. He sure was. He sure was meaning something bad for her, too.

Lesset slowly put the automatic back. "You'd

Continued on page 34

Chick Zamick wins goals—and boos

by DON EVERITT

Hoots and jeers from rival fans are music in the ears of Chick Zamick, ice-hockey's smallest star. They mean he's still on top

FOR SEVERAL DAYS before the match with Harringay Racers, Chick Zamick, the Nottingham Panthers' centre-ice, had been suffering acutely with backache. Charlie Cragg, his trainer, urged him to rest, but Zamick, the most prolific scorer in ice-hockey, stubbornly insisted that he was fit enough to play. "The moment the game began," Cragg recalls, "I could see that Chick was sluggish. I expected trouble. I got it."

Harringay Racers were pressing hard, and Zamick and the other two forwards had gone back to help their harassed defencemen. Suddenly, the puck fizzed out from a tussle in front of the Panthers' goal towards the edge of the rink. Malacho, of Racers, darted after it with Zamick just behind him. The Harringay man got the puck, quickly passed it, and then, surprisingly, fell on his knees.

Zamick, who had intended bodychecking Malacho, was so surprised—and his reflexes were so slow—that he could not stop himself. At high speed, he hit Malacho's legs, flew over his back, and just had the presence of mind to stick out an arm as he crashed heavily into the boards surrounding the rink.

"But for putting his arm out," says Charlie Cragg, "Chick would have cracked his skull and might easily have killed himself. As it was, an X-ray showed that his arm was fractured in three places. He was out of the game for months."

Zamick himself agrees now that he ought not to have played that night. "I was foolish and selfish. I was top of the goal scoring and I guess I wanted to stay there. I was thinking about myself, not the team." Few people who really know Zamick believe this: it is part of his make-up to be constantly modest and even to reprove himself unjustly.

He is noted throughout the game in Britain for his excessive conscientiousness. On at least two other occasions he has ignored advice to rest, with unpleasant personal results; in a game against Streatham his nose got badly cut, and in a practice session—in which even he could not accuse himself of being selfish—he collided with a colleague and was knocked unconscious. "He insists on putting the game and the team before himself," says Charlie Cragg.

Enthusiasm, coupled with an exceptional ability to hit a puck into the net from almost any position on the ice, has given Zamick an unrivalled record. At the age of only twenty-seven and in less than six seasons in the English league—all spent with Nottingham Panthers—he has scored nearly 450 goals, a record not only for Europe but also for North America, the home of ice-hockey.

One of the most nimble and brainy players in the game, Zamick is frequently called "the Stanley Matthews of ice-hockey." Many experts rate him as the greatest player in Europe. In this country he is certainly a star attraction. "No other player gets booed quite like Zamick does, away from his home rink," says Patrick Burns, the sports commentator. "From ice-hockey fans, that's a sure indication of his ability."

Zamick (in striped jersey) in action against

Chick Zamick's conscientiousness and his successful style of play have much to do with his physical stature. An amiable man, whose Grecian profile is accentuated by an oft-broken nose, Zamick stands five feet four inches tall. This is downright small for a game in which height is important. "To counteract my lack of inches," says Zamick, "I've always had to train much harder and longer than the others. To make up for disadvantages in reach, stride, weight and speed, I've had to keep that much fitter."

At the same time, to get on tactical terms with the bigger men, Zamick has perfected a bustling technique which aims at leaving them standing. More often than not, it does. Not long ago, Zamick scored six goals against the Brighton Tigers at Nottingham. After the game, Buchholz, the Brighton goalminder, announced that he had Zamick sized up: Zamick would not get the puck past him again this season.

Weaved Through Defence

"How could anyone have Zamick sized up?" asks Patrick Burns, who watched the next Panthers-Tigers clash. "Zamick thinks and moves so quickly that he doesn't know himself what he's going to do from one second to the next. Time after time, he went through the Brighton defence, bobbing, weaving, pirouetting, dancing about like a frog in a bucket, and the poor goalminder didn't know if he was going to shoot, or draw him out of his goal like a vacuum cleaner and tuck the puck in the net behind him. Zamick scored four, all different, all beauties—and Buchholz didn't know a thing about one of them."

Assiduous training, which includes weaving through tightly grouped rows of chairs, has given Zamick tremendous body-swerve. Where other men give an opponent a yard berth, he gives them inches. "He plays havoc with his equipment," says Archie Stinchcombe, the

At home in Nottingham with his family. Daughter Jane gingerly examines an eye bruise—one of many injuries Chick Zamick has suffered on the rink. Once he was lucky not to crack his skull

Harringay Racers. The mask protects a broken nose—sustained when Zamick tripped over a coin thrown on the ice in protest against a refereeing decision

Panthers' coach. "Twice already this season he's needed new boots because of skate cuts. His socks get cut in almost every game."

Inevitably, Zamick's dazzling style draws criticism. "He is brilliant," says one coach, "but I'd never have him in my team. He's not a team player: he's an individualist." Zamick fans regard this as a jaundiced view, and point out that he has an impressive record of assisted goals, apart from those he has scored himself.

Chick Zamick is thick-set and beautifully muscled and, contrary to what many coaches have hopefully believed, he has plenty of fight. One coach at present harbours a theory that Zamick would not be so successful if a defence-man was detailed to "put the shoulder on him." Other coaches have learned that trying to put such a theory into practice does not pay.

Some time ago, Panthers trounced Harringay Racers at Nottingham. Next night, the teams met at Harringay. From the first minute it was obvious that every Racer had orders to bodycheck Zamick at every opportunity. Inevitably, a few shoulders found their mark, but Zamick always bounced irrepressibly back into the game. By the end of the first period he had scored two goals, set up a third, and Panthers were leading. Thereafter, Racers left Zamick alone, and concentrated, unsuccessfully, on winning the game.

Part of the secret of Zamick's goal-scoring ability lies in the way he carefully rounds the heels and toes of his sticks. This enables him to use a stick at more than one angle. Fifteen seconds from the end of one game, Panthers were losing two-one when the puck came straight to Zamick. The little man was badly off balance, but somehow he got his stick right up to his body and flicked the puck into the goal off the rounded toe. "If Zamick had left the stick pointed, as most players do," says one expert, "he could never have scored that goal."

Zamick is fastidious about his equipment. In the dressing-room his place is unmistakable. While the other men throw their clothing down, Zamick puts his in neat order, even flattening and hanging up the four tapes which hold his shinguards in place. "Chick," says Archie Stinchcombe, "is the only player I've ever known who takes a bit of cotton-wool with him on to the ice to wipe away any grit which may get on to his skates during the short walk from the dressing-room."

This accent on correctness and perfection is part of Zamick's psychological build-up to every game. "Chick has to feel that everything about him and his equipment is perfect before he can play well," says a friend. "He tries to guard against every trick that Fate can play against him."

Zamick's modesty and unnecessary self-criticism is also part of this heavy guard against an unkind fate. His friends believe that he blames himself for games that are lost, and refuses to accept that he is a brilliant player, because he feels fortune never favours the braggart. "Getting goals," he repeatedly says, "is all a matter of luck."

Found Skates In Dustbin

Charlie Cragg, the trainer, has said that if Zamick is especially cocky before a game, he often does not do well. "But if he's worried and moody," Cragg says, "you can generally expect the fireworks." "Red" Stapleford, the Streatham coach, has also noticed that if Zamick scores early in a game nothing can stop him. "He goes cock-a-hoop. He hits the back of that net like nobody's business. But if he doesn't score in the first period, his ego goes down and down and down."

The elements which have shaped this zealous, superstitious little wizard of ice-hockey are evident in his childhood. Victor Zamick was born in Winnipeg, in Canada's Manitoba, to an impoverished couple who had emigrated from Poltava, on the steppes of the Ukraine. As his nickname implies, Chick was small from birth. The eighth of twelve surviving children, Chick went to a rough-and-tumble school and saw few of the good things of boyhood. Skates were far beyond his father's pocket. It was a childhood dream come true when the boy found a pair in a dustbin. They were old and one-and-a-half sizes too big for him, but that did not matter. He polished them, stuffed paper in the toes, and sharpened the blades. With care, they could last him three years. They did.

As a boy, he excelled at most sports, but was always thought too small for ice-hockey—and that was why he decided to master this particular game. It became, in fact, more than a game to him; it became a means of proving himself. For hours every day he practised, using a crudely fashioned stick and puck. Now and again he was chosen for the local community team.

At fourteen, he left school, tried various odd jobs and was nineteen before he had an offer from a junior league team in Ontario. A year later, he was given a trial for a Cleveland, Ohio, professional side. "Promising," he was told, "but too small." In Winnipeg, a coach collecting a team for England gave him the same verdict. And then came one of his first real strokes of luck.

At the last minute, a member of the England-bound team called off. Only Chick was available at such short notice. He said goodbye to Winnipeg.

Roy Sanders, the rink manager at Nottingham, met the party at Southampton. "This little fellow Zamick wasn't even on my list," he says. "He wasn't rated or indexed in Canadian hockey; you couldn't say he looked very promising."

But Zamick soon proved Sanders and almost everyone else wrong. Midway through his second season he had scored a hundred goals, the fastest-ever century in the league. He won popularity competitions, was picked for all-star teams, and became so much the Panthers' mainspring that the team dithered without him. He also became one of the highest-paid ice-hockey players in Britain.

On Christmas Eve, 1949, Zamick was married secretly and by special licence to a Nottingham girl. A year later, they had a daughter. With his new responsibilities, Zamick at once began to view the future with the sort of concern his friends have come to expect. Zealously, he applied himself to evening courses at the local technical college. After dabbling unsuccessfully in a variety of subjects he is now attending business economics classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays every week.

Chick Zamick firmly intends that when he finally lays down his dazzling ice-hockey stick he will be equipped to take up some other activity—and do just as well. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

RING OF FIRE

by ***EDWARD LINDALL***

ILLUSTRATED BY ARNOLD

It encircled the farm—but her father wouldn't budge. He'd sooner fry than accept help from his son-in-law

THE SKY WAS PINK over the low hills to the westward. It flared intermittently in a coloured crescendo, then fell away again. But always it gained a little; deepened in tone. And when night finally dropped like a tent over the farm homestead the sky was blood-red over the hills and there were no stars. The air was thick with the musty smell of grass smoke.

"I feel as though I shouldn't light it," Liz Stoner said, taking the cigarette. "It's almost like tempting fate."

Greg Stoner scraped a match and held it for her. "There's no danger."

"Unless the wind changes."

"It still wouldn't matter."

The outline of his face was etched sharply as he bent forward to light his own cigarette. It was a young face, but strong and with a calmness that told of experience.

"There's a firebreak right round the house. No fire could jump it now. Not this time of year, with nothing higher than stubble in the paddocks."

"I wasn't thinking of us," Liz said quietly.

She tried to see his face in the faint light from the lamp-lit living-room at their backs. But he was looking out over the veranda rail towards the hills, and she felt rather than saw his expression tighten, his lips set and his brown eyes harden.

"There's nothing I can do," he said bluntly.

"You could try again."

"And be abused again?"

"An old man's words," she said. "An old man with an injured leg. Surely they don't hurt so much?"

Greg shifted slightly in his chair, squaring his wide shoulders. The movement of a man digging in, rather than of one feeling uncomfortable. "As far as your father's concerned," he said patiently, "I'm a waster and a no-good. I'm a loafer and——"

"He's old and unhappy."

"Old and cantankerous."

"Only because he's unhappy."

"This morning he threatened to shoot me with his rabbit-gun," Greg said, "only he couldn't move fast enough to get it." He spoke the words evenly, like a man presenting facts over which he had no intention of arguing.

Liz sighed, recognizing his mood. "He's changed so much since Mother died."

"He hates me," Greg said harshly. "That's all I know."

She rose slowly and stood beside his chair, boyishly slim in silhouette against the light. She laid a hand on his shoulder and he knew from her touch that unhappiness was weighing on her again. The old unhappiness that had clouded the six months of their marriage. Not always, but in unexpected starts and surprises, the way summer clouds drift across the warmth of the sun, or nightmares flicker across a perfect sleep and leave a taste of unpleasantness.

"Tomorrow we'll both go," she said. "I'll handle Father and you can plough the firebreak."

"I've offered and he doesn't want it," Greg said doggedly, feeling the hurt in her, yet unable to respond.

"But he *does* want it. He would've ploughed it himself, but for his leg."

"He's old enough to know his own mind."

"The simple answer," she said, with a tinge of bitterness. "He's old enough . . . they're young enough . . . strong enough: salve to a conscience that doesn't want to work."

"There's no danger," Greg cut in. "Can't you understand? It doesn't matter that there's no break round his house."

"The wind could change."

"Not this time of year."

She made a harsh, sharp sound with something of contempt in it, something of hopelessness. She began to speak, but her voice broke and she swung away and went swiftly into the house.

In the lighted living-room her face showed soft and somehow crumpled. She had grey eyes and dark brows, and her straight dark hair was cut short, close to her head. Her face was oval, the skin of that deep olive that tans deeply under the sun but still retains its softness. Her lips were full and they dropped slightly now in unconquered misery.

ALL their marriage, she thought bitterly, this nagging stupid misery had been with her. And she hated it the more because it was so unnecessary, so unfair. She was placed in the crossfire of the two men she loved—her husband and her father—and although her father was in the wrong, she couldn't blame him because she pitied him too much. She could never forget the kindly man he had been before her mother had died two years ago. Then she had seen him grow old, retreating into the past and erecting a barrier of loneliness as he withdrew.

Tears brimmed her eyes now as she thought about it, and she paused for a moment in the middle of the room, hoping to hear some movement, a scrape of chair legs, a scuff of feet, to tell her that Greg was following. But there was nothing, except the light *tap-tap* of a blind in the night wind and the shrill brittleness of crickets by the underground tank. She went into the bedroom and started to undress.

"He's a waster and a no-good," old Ben Forster had stormed, the first time Greg had taken her out—to a dance in Wilkinson's woolshed.

She heard her father's gruff, slightly shaky old man's voice now, as she moved slowly round the bedroom. "A waster and a no-good. I'll not have him comin' to the house."

That had been nearly a year ago, only a few weeks after Greg had come back from Korea, on his widower father's death, to take up the farm again.

"Ran away playin' sojers when his job was right here on the land," Ben Forster had said. "Left his father to kill himself workin' the farm

Greg swung by on the tractor, and the plough be

single-handed while he was playing sojers."

"They weren't playing soldiers," Liz had told him, rising hotly to defend the tall, blond-headed young man she had seen working his fallow that day as she drove into town. "It's real war in Korea. As real as any other war."

"No one's attackin' Australia," Ben Forster snapped. "He didn't need to go off to any Korea. Or anywhere else, if he wasn't bone lazy."

"Does he look bone lazy?" she had demanded. "Have you seen him working . . . seen the way his farm looks?"

"No credit to him," Ben Forster snorted. "So it oughta look good, the way the government's spoon-fed him. New machinery, new fencing . . . anything he wants . . . smarty-pants experts up from the city to tell him what to do . . . all for free because he ran away to someone else's war. For being a sticky-beak."

"You make me ashamed," Liz said, turning away. "You won't even try to understand."

"I understand all right," he said harshly. "I understand why my taxes are so high—to keep that young waster, and all the others like him, in free machinery."

"He fought for it," she had flamed. "It's not

n to rip a fire-break in the earth. "I'll fix him," the old man roared, and moved towards his gun. "Stay where you are, Father," snapped Liz

free. He gave up everything for his country. For you and for me. It's up to the country to help him get right again."

Ben Forster spat emphatically into the fine dust that covered the ground outside the homestead. He was a tall old man, as tall as Greg Stoner, and the width of his gaunt frame showed that once he had been strong, too. But now his hair was sparse and white, his blue eyes pale and tired. His mouth had sunken, and his lips trembled whenever he became aroused. They were trembling now.

"I fought for my country, too," he said. "Right here. I fought droughts and bush fires. I cut a farm out of the scrub, the best farm in the district, and no government spoon-fed me . . . I stood on my own feet and didn't squeal for help."

STANDING at the bedroom window, watching the evil glow over the hills, Liz again felt the hopelessness that had assailed her then as she had listened to her father. He was so sure of himself, so adamant that the land was the only fight that mattered, the only goal in life, the only thing worthwhile. . . .

"Father," Liz had said, and then she had stopped, unable to go on. If a man didn't feel instinctively about such things as Korea, she felt that nothing she could say, nothing that she could do, would bring about any change. She wished now, as she had wished so many times, that she had hammered away at his obstinacy until it had cracked under her assault. But she had let him go, not realizing then that Greg was to become so important.

And when he was important it was too late to fight Ben Forster, so she had just packed her bags quietly one night and she and Greg had been married down in Sydney, in a register office, with a stiff-collared clerk and a casual passer-by for witnesses. That, of course, had destroyed any hope of Ben Forster coming round even to toleration. But there was nothing else they could have done. They loved each other too much to stay apart.

"I've rung the fire warden," Greg said, coming into the room. "It's still moving across us. The other side of the hills."

"How fast?"

"By morning it should be well clear."

"If the wind doesn't change," she said again, because she refused to accept his complacency.

Greg dragged at his shoes, perched on the bed's edge. "Look," he said, with tired patience. "We don't get westerlies this time of year."

"We could," she argued.

"We could also get rain," he said, "and put the whole thing out. But we don't get rain, either, this time of year."

LIZ persisted. "How can you be so . . . so sure?" She had nearly said "so smug," but bit off the hurtful words because she realized, in time, that she was being illogical. The westerlies never did blow at the end of harvest. She knew that well enough. They just never did . . . and yet. . . .

"Just once would be enough," she said. "There has to be a first time in everything."

"All right," Greg dropped a shoe. Its dull thud emphasized his finality. "We'll go over in the morning and try again."

"Thank you, darling." She slid an arm round his shoulders, standing close, and laid her face on the top of his head. "We must keep trying."

In the morning the telephone jangled them awake, and the house was hazy with blue-grey smoke. A brash wind hammered at the wire-screened front door, rattled the windows, and

blew dust in sudden, petulant clouds that scraped the iron roof like sandpaper. They both knew, in the moment of waking, what it was, and their eyes met in a quick, desperate communion that needed no words. The westerly that never blew at the end of harvest was blustering down from the hills. At the best of times it was a raucous, unfriendly wind. Now, it was malevolent, bullying, shouting its threats outside the house, hurling them against the doors and the windows. . . .

Greg reached the telephone in six great bounds, scooped it to his ear and stood tense and coiled, bending forward slightly as he listened. Liz heard his clipped, staccato answers as she stared from the window at the foreign land outside the house. The friendly yellow paddocks were obscured by streaming smoke. She could not see the sky. The fire was a hidden menace somewhere between them and the hills. How far away she didn't know. That was the worst of all—not knowing. Fear clawed at her. Harsh, strident, constricting. It grew until it threatened to consume her, but gradually she fought it down, knowing that panic was the bush fire's ally. And then, when she could think again, she knew that their firebreak was wide and safe against the ground-hugging flames.

But there was no firebreak round her father's house. Nothing between him and the flames. Nothing. . . .

Greg's voice cut in then, calm and incisive. "Get dressed."

She turned and followed him into the bedroom, stood for a moment watching his quick, certain movements, lost between her fear and his cold realism.

He hauled on pants, leaving his pyjama coat, pushed his feet into shoes, without socks. "Fire's broken though a gully," he explained tersely. "It's coming through the hills the other side of your father's place."

"We'll bring him back here," she said desperately. "He'll be safe with us."

"But lose his house."

"Poor father. . . ." Her voice broke. "It'll kill him."

"I know," Greg said. "I'll have a shot at that break first."

"We might be cut off."

"It's a worthwhile gamble. Get some food ready—I'll get the stock in."

Fear leaped in her again, like a tongue of flame. "But Greg——"

"Fire warden's sending a squad," he said curtly. "Now get cracking."

"And if they don't get there in time?"

"That's the gamble," he said, making for the door. Then he stopped, swung half round and smiled at her. A quick, tense smile. "Calculated risk, the Yank generals used to call it in Korea. Must tell your father that, if it comes off."

Greg swung the car out on to the red dirt road that led to Ben Forster's farm. Normally the road was bright red, like silk, but now it was dull, and the smoke was beginning to make them cough. The sun was a sullen glow spread over many miles, seeming more terrible because it was a friendly thing suddenly turned horrible. Liz kept her eyes on Greg's hands holding the wheel. Capable, firm hands that seemed to her the sanest things left in the world. The sight of them gave her strength.

Then they had mounted a slight rise and were skimming down towards Ben Forster's homestead.

The red roof and white walls of the house had lost their brightness, the outbuildings seemed to huddle together for comfort, and the giant gum trees ringing the house tossed uneasily in the hot wind, as if they scented danger. The sight of it all, hushed in smoke, pricked tears in Liz's eyes, for this had been her home. A quiet, happy place until Ben Forster had grown bitter in his sorrow.

"You run on to the house," Greg told her, stopping inside the gate. "I'll get the tractor and start in."

"What about livestock?"

"None," Greg said. "Sent everything to Naulty's when he hurt his leg."

"There's Father now," Liz said. "On the veranda."

"Good. Keep him there." Greg leaned across and flung open the door. "Keep him out of my hair."

Liz watched the car's dust-trail swirl towards the outbuildings, saw Greg leap out and into the machine shed in what seemed one magnificent bound. Then, her heart pounding, she turned and ran towards the house.

"What's that loafer up to?" Ben Forster greeted her, shouting it while she was still twenty yards away. His square, bony chin was thrust out belligerently. His lips were trembling slightly.

"The fire's swung round," Liz panted. She paused for a moment, breathing heavily, at the foot of the short flight of steps. "It's coming through the north gully."

"Dammit," Ben Forster snapped. "I know that."

"They're sending fire-fighters," she said quickly. "Greg talked to the warden. They're——"

"Answer me," Ben Forster interrupted harshly. "What's that no-good doin' in my sheds?"

Liz looked at him carefully, assessingly. It was a thing she had never done before.

"You mean Greg?" she asked.

"There's only one no-good loafer we both know."

Liz climbed the steps slowly, telling herself she must be patient, that she must remember he was old and lonely, that he was a child to be humoured, coerced, gently to be pushed in the right direction.

"Greg's going to plough a firebreak," she said quietly, standing in front of her father. "The warden mightn't get here in time."

Ben Forster stiffened. "I'll take a chance on that."

"But I won't."

"*You* won't?" He swung round, and his old eyes were sharp as spears. "What's it to do with you?"

"You're my father," Liz said softly. She paused, her grey eyes steady and challenging. "Or had you forgotten that, too?"

Ben Forster's mouth snapped open. Then he clamped it shut and turned his head away to look over the veranda rail. But he couldn't see very far now. The smoke had thickened, rolling up towards the house in great waves like ocean breakers. "I've been through fires before," he said stubbornly. "Worse than this. I don't need his help . . . or anyone else's."

Then the roar of an engine shattered their talk and they saw Greg swing out of the shed in a wide semicircle, a blade-plough swinging crazily behind the big-wheeled tractor. He was a strange, wild figure with his uncombed blond hair and striped pyjama coat flapping in the wind.

He swung the tractor again, levelled it out and engaged the ploughshares. The red earth came alive as the blades ripped through and laid it in speeding rows.

"Blast his impudence," Ben Forster roared. He shook his fist, trembling with rage and impotence. He turned, his mouth working. "I'll fix him, the no-good scoundrel. . . ."

But he had taken only three hobbling steps towards the door and his rabbit-gun when Liz stepped into his path, slim and erect. Her face was cold with a rage that matched his own; only it was controlled, and that made it more deadly.

"Stay where you are, Father," she said levelly.

"Out of my way, girl. Keep out of this."

"It's part of me," she said. "I couldn't keep out if I wanted."

"Part of you?" Ben Forster flung an arm wildly towards the tractor noise somewhere behind the house. "Is it part of him, too?"

"No," she said. "He's fighting because he's part of me."

"Fighting?" Ben Forster jeered. "What does he know about fighting—except with a popgun and half the world to help him? What does he know about fighting alone, with his bare hands, to make a place for himself?"

"He *has* fought with his bare hands," Liz said quietly. "In Korea. He saved you then. And he's saving you again now."

"Koreans aren't bothering me none. Nobody's saved me from any Koreans."

She sighed resignedly. "All right. If you can't see that, we'll skip it. But you admit he's helping you now?"

"When I want help, I'll ask," he flared, stung by the contempt in her tone. "It's my house."

"But my *home*," Liz said, coldly, measuring him up with her eyes the way a boxer sizes up an opponent's defence. She was fighting now with a grim determination. "My mother lived here. Remember? As well as *your* wife." She saw a flicker of doubt on his face and moved quickly inside his guard. "You're so wrapped up in yourself, so selfish . . . living here alone, you've forgotten about other people. All you can think about is that your wife is dead. All you can feel is pity for yourself. What about my mother? Don't you think I grieve, too?"

Ben Forster turned away and looked at the house wall, then at his feet. When he lifted his head again there was something of a small boy's defiance in his eyes.

"You weren't thinking so much about her when you married that waster out there," he said obstinately. "She like to have turned in her grave."

The words wiped away the last vestiges of the compassion Liz had felt for him so long. She wanted to slap him. Hard. To jolt him out of his implacable stupidity; to hurt him the way he had hurt her.

"You know," she said, "Mother once told me her folk didn't want her to marry you, either."

"It's a lie," Ben Forster snapped. But his eyes gave her a strange, guarded glance.

"It's the truth," Liz snapped back, ramrod

Continued on page 32

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

A suit for Lucy's party

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

I could imagine myself saving her life or rescuing her from a bully. But I was no knight in shining armour. I had no armour at all. I didn't even have a respectable suit . . . *a warmly human story of first love.*

The gentle killer

by ELLIOT WEST

To Mr. Bellingham, it was just one more business trip. But there was murder at the end of it. There always was . . . *an exciting story of murder-by-contract.*

IN ALL DIRECTIONS

by Peter Ustinov

I ALWAYS know when a holiday has really begun, because time, usually so remorseless in its progress, plays us a pleasant trick. On the first day of a holiday a miracle occurs. Time creeps. There is an eternity of wasted time before the train leaves the station, an eternity of five whole minutes, so cruelly snatched from that hard-earned fortnight. The senses are spring-cleaned for the occasion; the eye wanders over the sad outskirts of our home town with as much interest as though each pub were a pyramid and each trolleybus a dromedary in the desert.

Physically, there are holidays and holidays. The rich may be able to surf-bathe in Bermuda, or to leave the oily outlines of their lotioned bodies on the baking shores of Eden Roc, while the less fortunate may only be able to go to places where zebra crossings still guard their safety, and where familiar sauces still drown the deceitful taste of bread-crammed sausages.

But, in truth, a holiday is a state of mind. I am happy every time a great coach with G.B. on its rump comes sweeping round an alp, its windows clouded with the breath of a hundred friendly nostrils, for here are people we all know mistrusting the prejudices of politics and propaganda, and seeing the world for themselves.

Peace and prosperity can both rise out of holidays well taken, and when a Liverpool housewife makes her first rash experiment with garlic and a stout Parisian concièrge douses her greens in a saucepan of tepid water, then the optimist may declare that the day is not far off when a collective farmer in Omsk will be waffling her rye-bread, and a New York hostess will be lacing her afternoon tea with vodka.

My most memorable holiday

NORWAY'S ICY MOUNTAINS

MY favourite holiday was in 1946, and it was perhaps my favourite because it was my first holiday after a seeming century of smart saluting, and other attendant activities in which I have no interest and for which I have no talent.

I arrived at Stavanger with a very old car in the middle of December, and crossed the wild romantic country of Norway without chains in the next few days. Once the old car simply wouldn't take a hill. A hill, did I say? Away with understatement—the damned thing was a mountain, with a sheer precipice on one side of the icy road, and cascades frozen into grotesque fingers reaching at me from above. I switched off the engine and got out to think. No sooner had I left the car than I noticed it going backwards towards the precipice, with its wheels absolutely motionless. Luckily the surface was so slippery that I managed to save it from a tragic destiny by the weight of my body. It sank sadly into a ditch.

There was nothing for it. Help was needed, and the distant barking of hysterical dogs both attracted and repelled me. I do not like other people's dogs, but I walked about a mile through very deep snow and found the house, which was protected by what looked like four starving wolves on long chains. They galloped towards me. I stood prudently out of reach and shouted.

The farmer appeared at length, and listened to my story without much sympathy. The only chains he could lend me were the ones which were at the moment restraining his dogs from eating me alive. He let them loose, and told me he was too busy to come with me, so would I be kind enough to return the chains when I had reached the top of the hill.

I stumbled off, being challenged by the animals, and swinging the chains nonchalantly. The circular movement soon goaded the dogs to a new excess of fury, so I pretended not to notice them. I hummed a little Mozart. The dogs didn't like Mozart. I talked to the dogs. They didn't like being talked to. I threw a stick. They ran at me.

As I bound the chains round the wheels, I got no peace. The dogs jumped at my back, ran off with my hat, pulled my hair. When I started the car they went mad with redoubled energy, throwing themselves at the bonnet, ricocheting off the windscreen, trying to gain a foothold on the canvas hood.

I moved off in a cloud of smoke and snow and steam, and reached the top of the hill still surrounded by my

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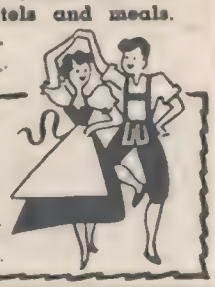

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hideous outriders. Here I stopped and waited. The dogs sat down and waited also, watching me with yellow eyes. After half an hour I saw a cloud of snow approaching from far away. Plucking up what courage I had left, I stepped out abruptly and, using a duffel coat rather as a bullfighter uses his cape, I kept the dogs busy with one hand while I whipped off the chains with the other.

The cloud of snow was now quite near, and it turned out to be a handsome American car full of genial Swedish business men. "Hallo, G.B.," they cried as they stopped. "In trouble?" I told them it was all right now, but added that I had borrowed some chains from a wooden farmhouse a few miles back, and asked them would they save me the journey. "Of course," they said.

As I retired into the sanctuary of the driving seat and moved off down the hill, I saw in my mirror that the four dogs on the skyline were in a fearful quandary. Whom to follow?

With a final hostile howl they disappeared in pursuit of the kind Swedes, while I decided that the human spirit was invincible even though it was sometimes degraded by treachery.

It may seem from this description that I was mad. Admittedly I would not quickly embark on such a journey again, and yet for the sheer liberation of the spirit, for the sheer glorious farce of the situations, for the sheer majesty of the canvas, this will always remain my favourite holiday.

IT'S PARIS EVERY TIME

by Barbara Goalen

THE last time I saw Paris, I thought for a while it would have to be the merest glimpse. As the boat-train drew into Dover I discovered that I had the wrong passport. I panicked, remembering the important modelling job that couldn't wait and was due to start two hours after my arrival.

There was no time to go back to London for my own passport, and when the emigration officials let me leave the country without one I thought I was in the clear.

I discovered just how wrong I was when the train was met at the Gare du Nord by two charming but firm detectives who ushered me into a little office and cross-questioned me. I was certain they were going to send me back, until I remembered a man I knew at the British Embassy.

But even then I had to go through a terrible amount of form-filling before I was allowed to carry on.

Whenever I get the chance I always hurry off to Paris for a holiday. It is the one place in the world, besides London, of which I never tire. To me it is a wonderful tonic just to walk—in low-heeled shoes—along the rue de Rivoli and look in the shop windows.

I was twenty-five years old before I first saw Paris. I landed one morning at 1.30 a.m. and was immediately escorted to a round of night-clubs and *chansonniers*, ending up at breakfast time drinking onion soup at Les Halles, Paris's Covent Garden.

I did all the exciting things—sipped Pernod at the Dome in Montparnasse and Dubonnet in the Champs-Elysées, and climbed the steps to Sacré Coeur in Montmartre; and I made a trip along the Seine in a *bâteau mouche*.

Above all, I tasted French cooking for the first time. Whether I am eating at one of the swish places like La Tour d'Argent, where they are so proud of their duck dishes that they present you with a certificate that you have eaten duck number 35,694, or a shabby little place in a side street, I feel that I am sharing in one of the wonders of the world.

PEACE AND QUIET IN ITALY

by Carole Carr

ON holiday I am anti-social. In my job I have to mix with people all the time, and so does my husband, an airline executive. So we like to get away from everyone.

Last year we succeeded. We flew to Naples, took a train to Sorrento and then a bus to a little Italian town called Positano. Every day we rowed out to a little beach where we could take off our clothes and get brown all over. When one of us cried "Boat!" we would scuttle into a towel.

I spent a great deal of time under the water. Two summers before, in Cavalaire, I had bought a set of goggles, flippers and breathing tube for an English friend.

Peter, my husband, persuaded me to have a shot, and I was so entranced by my first sight of the sea bed that I stayed under for twenty minutes, breathing through the tube.

I found that being able to see the bottom gave me much greater confidence in swimming than I ever had before—although seeing fish three times their normal size (due to the refraction of the water) was somewhat unnerving to start with. I bought a set of equipment for myself, and now we always take it with us.

We are not certain where to go this year, but flying back from Italy we passed over Elba. I had expected it to be a barren island, but it looked just the opposite and very inviting. So now we are finding out about holidays there. It ought to be quiet, anyway.

CHASED BY HORSES IN SCOTLAND

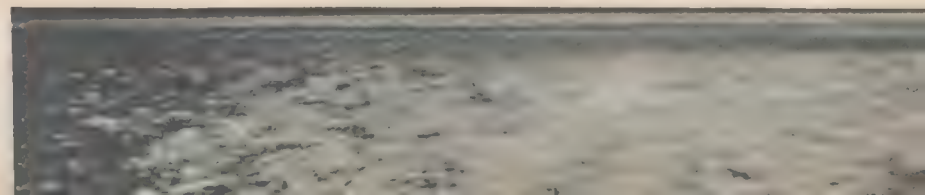
by W. Vaughan Thomas

IT was during the war and I was about to be sent overseas as a war correspondent. I had time to take a holiday, and when my friend, Roy Hay, the horticulturist, said he was going to the Isle of Arran to look at potatoes, I said: "Right, I'll come and look at some mountains."

So I settled down to a glorious holiday. Arran, I now know, is one of three wild islands of Europe—Skye and Corsica are the others—and I had an enchanting week climbing the ridges.

I found that I liked Scotland so much that at my next opportunity I went there again, this time to Argyllshire. I looked forward to another peaceful climbing holiday—but I had reckoned without horses.

I was terrified when, on the deserted



shores of a large lake, two wild horses galloped over a hill and made straight for my friend and myself. At first we tried to run away, but the horses were too fast and furious. Then we hid behind boulders. But that was useless, the wild animals soon sniffed us out.

In our panic there seemed only one thing for it; we took off most of our clothes and leaped into the lake. But they stood, pawing the earth at the water's edge, waiting for us to come out.

We swam round and round, getting gradually colder. The horses would go away for a while, but when we crept up to the bank they would come back again. We tried to swim across the lake, but it was too far.

We stayed in the water for three long hours. When at last we did venture out we hurried through the dusk to our hotel, wet, cold and frightened.

That evening, with good Scotch whisky in my stomach, I told the landlord about our experience. He smiled, pitying the Sassenach. "Och, they would never have touched you," he assured me. "You should have stroked them and they would have gone away pleased as Punch."

SEA RESCUE AT BEXHILL

by Rachel Kempson

MY husband, Michael Redgrave, was filming, that summer of 1951, so in August I took our three children to the Sussex resort of Bexhill for a couple of weeks, to be near to London and still have a holiday.

The weather was disastrous. The children—Vanessa, fourteen, Corin, twelve, Lynn, eight—were even more restless than usual. Vanessa was the worst. She was a very keen swimmer and was bitterly disappointed by the uninviting seas.

"Why doesn't anything exciting ever happen to me?" she complained one Sunday morning. The danger flags were flying along the promenade, but Vanessa had brought her bathing costume. "Please let me go in, Mummy. Please," she pleaded. In the end, somewhat weakly I suppose, I agreed, and she quickly changed and dashed into the sea.

At first she was the only person in, but soon another girl joined her. They were not very far out, but I suddenly saw the other girl throw up her arms and shout.

Vanessa is a strong swimmer, but she had had no training in life-saving. Despite this, she struggled through the heavy seas to reach the other girl. As Vanessa towed her in, the breaking waves crashed down on them, battering them both.

They were blue with cold and we crowded round, drying and patting them with towels. The other girl was so shamefaced at having been in difficulties that she slipped away, and we never found out anything about her. But Vanessa had had her excitement.

FIVE TIMES TO THE ISLE OF MAN

by Wilfred Pickles

IF the Isle of Man were called the Isle of Flowers and translated into French, all the *élite* would holiday there. As it is, I am very content because—outside Douglas—I can still get the solitude I need.

I have been there five times on holiday. The first was when I was an eighteen-year-old builder on a day trip from Fleetwood, and I fell in love with the place.

The island makes you say things you would not think of elsewhere. There is one bridge where the fairies live. We crossed it each night, and on our way Mabel and I always said: "Good evening, little ladies." And on the way back: "Good night, little ladies."

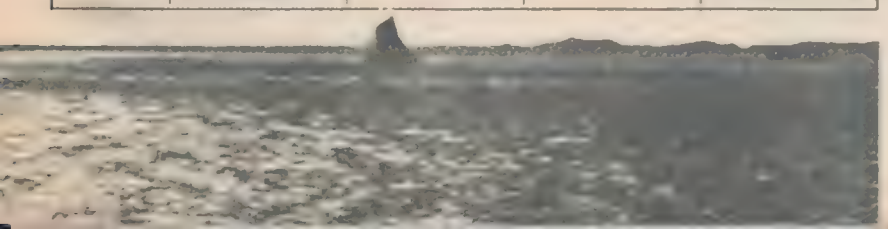
We never laughed, and the people we were with never thought it silly. That is part of the spell the isle puts on one.

In my opinion there is nothing lovelier than the view from Douglas Head, and the trip to the Calf of Man. This little islet is owned and kept up by the National Trust, thank goodness. On it live only the keeper and his wife. The boat drops you at one side of the island and, while you walk across, chugs round to the other side to pick you up.

The people are somewhat contradictory. They are both hospitable and clannish at the same time. But there is one Manxman I shall always look forward to seeing—a little girl, aged seven, whose mother wrote to me and said that her daughter was a spastic and longed to meet me.

So although I had promised myself

GO TO	LOOK AT	LOOK FOR	NOTES	Av. Temp. & Rainfall
NORFOLK BROADS	Windmills all along the way: St. Benet's Abbey, founded by Canute.	Potter Heigham Bridge, pretty but deadly: £300 a week spent in repairs to boats trying to get under the arch at the wrong tide.	No need to be a yachtsman to enjoy the 200 miles of waterways. Anyone can handle boat up to 22 ft.: cost from £8 10s. (sleep two).	Gorleston-on-Sea 46.5° April 1.49 in. 57.3° June 1.77 in. 61.7° Aug. 2.47 in. 52.3° Oct. 2.92 in.
ISLE OF ARRAN	Scotland, Ireland and England from top of Goatfell (2,866 ft.).	St. Molus's Cave on Holy Island. Loch Ranza Castle.	A good tourist centre is Brodick.	Rothsay 51° April 3.0 in. 62° June 3.1 in. 63° August 4.9 in. 53° October 4.4 in.
ISLE OF MAN	Ballaglass Glen; Laxey Wheel.	Horse-drawn trams and Manx cats.	T.T. Motor Cycle Racing June 14—18.	Douglas 51° April 2.4 in. 60° June 2.4 in. 63° August 3.8 in. 54° October 4.5 in.
LAKE DISTRICT	Scafell Pike, England's highest mountain, Windermere, largest lake.	Homes of poets Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth.	Take good map, compass, mac., walking shoes.	Keswick 52° April 1.9 in. 64° June 2.1 in. 65° August 3.4 in. 55° October 3.4 in.
SOUTH WALES	Pembrokeshire and Gower coasts; Caldy Island (bird sanctuary, monastery).	Coracle fishermen (R. Towy, Teifi); wild ponies.	Pubs shut Sundays—go to chapel and hear the singing.	Cardiff 53° April 2.5 in. 65° June 2.5 in. 67° August 4.3 in. 56° October 4.8 in.



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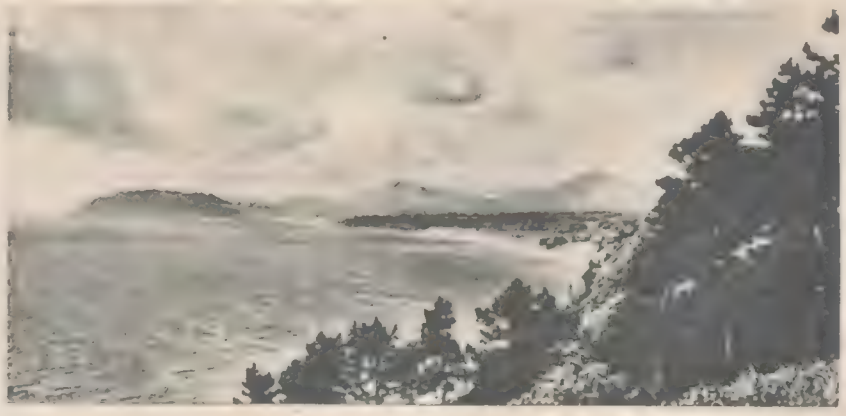

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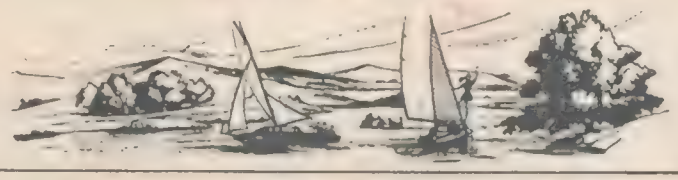

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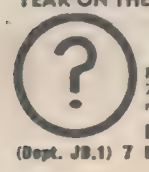

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ITALY (near NAPLES)	Nearby islands of Capri, Ischia; Vesuvius, Pompeii.	Scampi (fried prawns), Pizza (pastry, tomatoes, sardines).	Bikinis banned. English widely spoken.	Naples 63° April 2.9 in. 77° June 1.5 in. 83° August 0.9 in. 69° October 5.3 in.
NORWAY	Viking ship, Oslo; Extraordinary mountain railway to Bergen.	Midnight Sun (Bodö June, 1–July 13); Stave churches.	North sometimes warmer than south. Unlimited travel allowance.	Oslo 49° April 1.5 in. 59° June 2.0 in. 68° August 3.6 in. 48° October 2.6 in.
SPAIN (Costa Brava)	Fishing boats going out at night. Barcelona (smarter than Madrid).	Leather goods, paella (rice dish), midnight serenades.	Meals served very late; don't trust tap-water for drinking.	Barcelona 64° April 1.7 in. 77° June 1.5 in. 83° August 1.3 in. 71° October 3.6 in.
SWITZERLAND	Jungfrau from Interlaken at sunset; "best mountain panorama in world" from above Zermatt.	National costumes worn on Sundays; carved wood in Bernese Oberland.	Holiday tickets entitle holder to five half-price excursions.	Geneva 58° April 2.4 in. 73° June 3.1 in. 75° August 3.5 in. 58° October 4.0 in.
JUGO-SLAVIA (Dalmatia)	Krka waterfalls—pick wild figs there; historic buildings mixed with modern at Split.	Lace, maraschino liqueur, fresh tunny, music everywhere.	No tipping, poor roads, but good food.	Split 64° April 2.3 in. 79° June 2.0 in. 88° August 1.6 in. 71° October 4.6 in.
IRELAND	Blarney Stone, near Cork. Giant's Causeway, Co. Antrim.	A Ceilidhe (dance), peat-cutters, seals, stag-hounds, jaunting cars.	English money accepted, no passports, extended licensing hours for travellers	Dublin 53° April 1.8 in. 64° June 2.0 in. 66° August 3.2 in. 56° October 2.6 in.
AUSTRIA	Original White Horse Inn on Wolfgangsee; Innsbrück, called "loveliest European town."	Wienerschnitzel served with veg., salad, fruit, cream. Roadside crucifixes.	Russian Zone open without pass. Try Heuriger wine—careful, it's heady.	Vienna 57° April 2.1 in. 72° June 2.8 in. 74° August 2.7 in. 56° October 1.9 in.
FRENCH RIVIERA	Mountains behind Menton; perfumeries in Grasse, potteries in Vallauris.	Bars and enviably sun-tanned figures on beach; mimosa on hills in spring.	Cannes for elegance, Antibes antiquity, Nice gaiety, Monte Carlo glamour.	Nice 64° April 2.2 in. 77° June 1.6 in. 83° August 0.9 in. 72° October 5.8 in.

to keep away from everyone last summer I arranged for her to come to the hotel. I am glad I did, for she turned out to be a charming companion.

We are not sure where we are going this year. It may be Rome, which I've a hankering to see. But I know that if we do, there will be many moments when I wish we had gone to the Isle of Man instead.

UP SNOWDON AND THE PYRAMIDS

by Tom Bourdillon

Most mountaineers are rather single-minded men. So much so that if they ever have to spend a holiday other than in climbing it seems wasted.

But a really determined man can usually find something to climb wherever he may be. The most frustrating period I can remember was a stay in Cairo, but even here there was one outlet—one could get good climbing on the pyramids.

I would advise anyone living very far from any natural rock to consider the buildings around him. It is normally necessary to climb by night, but this may often make the experience more satisfying.

Climbing in Oxford has a bad name in some quarters, because of the damage that has been caused by the careless to more fragile structures. Yet I would rank my memories of ascents of the Radcliffe Camera and of the Five Orders face of the Divinity Schools with any I have.

Climbing of this type may be not only of much technical interest but also wonderfully refreshing to anyone feeling jaded with the normal minor irritations of our too hurried lives.

Happily there are few areas in Britain very far from natural rock. The south is most badly off, having little other than the Cornish cliffs and some sandstone outcrops near Tunbridge Wells. There is a lot of sandstone in the Midlands, too.

Scotland is very well off, but from the south the nearest big rock faces are in the Lakes or North Wales. The Welsh weekend is a long-standing tradition for climbers living in the south—indeed, when Mallory named the Western Cwm on Everest he was probably thinking of his climbs in Wales, for cwm is a Welsh word.

Often the climbing weekend involves hitch-hiking on the Friday night, climbing on Saturday and Sunday and hitch-hiking back on the Sunday night—an excellent thing in itself, but not very good for Monday's work.

Almost the whole of the party that climbed Everest this year had a very happy weekend in Wales some weeks ago, climbing on Clogwyn-dur-Arddu, one of the best of all British cliffs. Some people were still on the face at dusk, and even with the aid of torches it was a very slow business getting ropes down to them in the dark. The last man got to the top at 3.30 a.m.

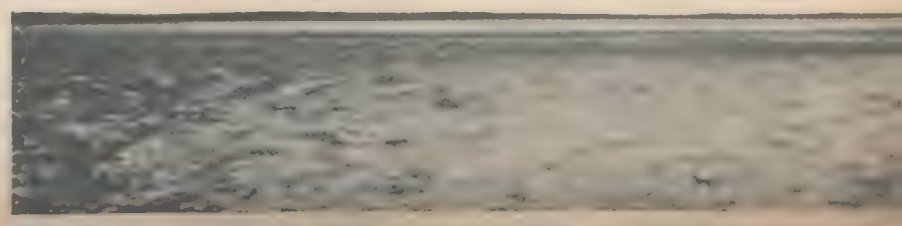
Again, not very good for Monday's work, perhaps, but there could be no pleasanter way of spending a weekend.

ROMANCE ON A CRUISE SHIP

by "Mrs Dale" (Ellis Powell)

It was the second day out in the s.s Arcadian, and the Bay of Biscay was misbehaving itself. I was off on a cruise with my sister and her husband to warm, sunny, romantic places. I was only seventeen and very seasick.

I felt very much alone in my deck chair—and then a tall handsome, fair-haired young man stopped to talk to me. I felt, and must have looked, awful, but it didn't seem to matter to



him. I forgot my troubles very quickly.

For the next six weeks we were quite inseparable. We danced together, sunbathed, swam, played shuffiboard. I really thought I was in love—come to think of it, at seventeen I was.

The boat called at so many exciting places and we explored them together—Cadiz, Barcelona, Sicily, Pompeii, Lisbon, Algiers, Tangier, Monte Carlo.

At Monte Carlo, my boy friend's father—who was extremely well off—gave a wonderful party one evening. I remember I wore a new evening gown of salmon pink chiffon and gold lace.

At Tangier, I was taken to a night club where I saw the artists pelted with rotten tomatoes and fruit, or money, according to how the audience appreciated them. There I met my double. I thought at first that I was looking in a mirror, and I am sure that she felt the same way. All during the performance we stared and laughed at each other, but neither of us knew the other's language so we didn't speak.

Altogether a delightful six weeks, with sunshine and romance all day.

But, like most shipboard romances, it didn't last. I didn't see my good-looking young man again until twenty years later in a Mayfair restaurant—but he didn't see me.

MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS

by John Slater

SEVEN o'clock on a fine summer's morning. Under a high corrugated roof, which forms a wall-less corridor along the harbour of Brixham, brine-stained men stand beside buckets and baskets of fish and small mounds of lobsters and crabs.

"Right, right, right, buy, buy, buy, and six and six and one and any more and six and one!" chants the auctioneer over a scuttling of lobsters. I wave to our director—we are filming. "Hey, come over! This is interesting. Couldn't we use this? It's the real thing." I wave again, and for 23s. 6d. I am the possessor of fifteen lobsters.

You would think that is one man's fish for the day, but no, I have turned this location into a family holiday. Mother and Smallest bask ashore, Eldest and I go afloat. Eldest is mad on mackerel fishing; eventually I catch the fever, and while the entire crew, ship's crew, camera crew, sound crew and all the odd bods like Eldest are hauling in this, hauling down that and tying up the other as we make harbour for the night, I catch my first mackerel and foul the rudder with my line.

The mackerel and I regard each other despondently from either end of the piece of string, until as the trawler is made fast I decide it is safe to go overboard into the dinghy and clutch my catch.

How was I to know the dinghy had become waterlogged and would begin to submerge the moment I laid foot on it, leaving me dangling from the taffrail under the sardonic eye of the mackerel?

I was saved by the seat of my pants. As I came over the stern I kicked the line, the unwonted jerk freed the mackerel from the hook and, flipping his tail at me, he went to tell his friends what fools these mortals be.

Readers with holiday problems are invited to send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

CHILDHOOD VISITS TO HERNE BAY

by Margaret Lockwood

HERNE BAY in Kent was to me, as a child, Heaven on Earth. I have had more glamorous holidays since, but none have I enjoyed more than the three I shared with my mother and brother in a house in Herne Bay.

Mother always rented a house for a month, never paying more than four guineas. We found Herne Bay wonderful for two reasons: the sea and the concert party. There was a buoy a mile out to sea, and among the children it was considered very clever to swim out to it and back. I never did so, but my brother, Lyn, aged sixteen, confided to me that he was going to try.

He was halfway there before Mother realized what was happening, and when she did she hurried along to the man who looked after the beach and made him get out his boat to meet Lyn.

My great joy were The Poppies, the local pierrots. When I was nearly fourteen I was allowed out on my own for the first time, and I discovered them. After that I was in the audience every night of the month we stayed.

I knew every word of every sketch and song. Back in bed I would act them until I fell asleep, vowing that I, too, would go on the stage.

I have never been back to Herne Bay. I am too afraid of breaking the spell.

LEARNING TO SKI AT ST. MORITZ

by Belita

EVERY winter, from the ages of four to twelve, I went to St. Moritz in Switzerland. But when my brothers waved goodbye at nine o'clock in the morning on their way to the ski runs I had been hard at work since five o'clock on the ice. For I was being trained as a champion skater, and my instructor would not think of allowing me on the treacherous mountain slopes.

So, two Christmases ago, I told my husband, Joel: "We must go to St. Moritz, and this time I'll ski."

Like obedient beginners, we started on the practise slopes. Then Joel announced that it was easy, and that he was going down the mountain.

Off he started, and there was nothing I could do but follow. By some quirk of beginner's luck he managed to keep upright. I was not so lucky. I kept falling down. When I extricated myself about halfway along the route, Joel had disappeared. I am still not sure how I managed to get back. After that we took lessons, and I found skiing exhilarating. It was a wonderful holiday, in air like a bubbling spring.

It culminated in an evening when the girls training for the Olympics had a party on the mountain and, after fireworks, ski-ed down by torchlight.

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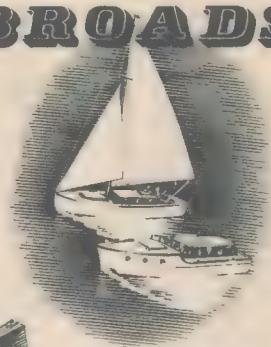

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AFRICAN FURY

Continued from page 9

return for more. They didn't, so we counted the casualties. We had dropped nine elephants, but we still had not got near the calves. They had all run past us with the rest of the herd.

I don't usually swear, being brought up in the old belief that great swearers are rarely great doers, but this time, I am told, I analysed the situation expletively in English, Afrikaans and a few dialects as well.

Why hadn't anyone noted the direction in which the calves had run? I was just as much to blame as the others—and they told me so. We stood glaring at each other in the clearing, surrounded by the huge grey mounds of dead elephants, when suddenly Brian said: "Look there, for goodness' sake!"

"Let's Catch Them!"

We looked where he pointed, rifles reloaded and at the ready. The two calf elephants were trotting back into the clearing, for all the world as if they were on a pantomime stage and making their entrance in the second act to roars of applause from a Boxing Day audience of children.

"Come on!" I shouted. "Let's catch them." I threw all caution to the winds, put my rifle down and chased them, as if we were on a rugger field together and they could be tackled and brought down like a wing-three.

They lumbered off in the direction of the high bush. I jumped at the nearest calf. The elephant shied away from me, but I hung on to his tail and ear and tried to pull him to a standstill. He was too tough for me, for although the calf only stood a bit above my belt he must have weighed five hundred pounds, and he dragged me along as if I were a flea on his back.

Louis and Brian ran behind me and jumped at the other elephant. Together, the two calves careered off into the mopani squealing with fear, while we hung, half on their backs, half off, as though we were rough-riders at a rodeo.

By now, some of the less timid natives had returned, and they came to our assistance. Eventually, by sheer force of numbers, we halted the beasts.

We tethered the calves to a big tree and sent a boy back to retrieve our rifles. Meanwhile we debated how to convey the calves ten miles back to our camp.

They acted like goats. Whenever one of us went near them, they put down their heads and made dummy runs, trying to butt the stranger.

Stubborn As Mules

We untied them from the tree and tried to pull them along. They splayed out their feet like army mules and stood fast. Then someone had the idea of pulling them in tandem instead of separately. A boy hacked down two straight branches and we laid one behind the heads of the two elephants and the other under their tails, as if they were horses in a carriage and pair. Then we fixed on ropes and pulled. The result was the same. The elephants won.

I thought that if we gave them something to drink they might be calmed and we could lead them back more easily, but we had no water to spare. Then I remembered the two dead mother elephants. Their udders would be full of milk, and the milk would still be fresh. A boy dashed away and drew off some milk into a calabash shell. We poured the milk in the side of their mouths and they drank greedily. Thus we led them back to the base camp we had established.

We had the elephants back by the truck before dusk. The cooking-boy mixed up some of our powdered milk in a can of water, and the two calves drank it. They appeared to be quite tame.

We loaded the calves into the truck and drove back to Madinare. Our news had gone before us, and when we reached the village by late evening, the entire village was assembled to greet us, thankful that the herd had been broken up. The women and children inspected the calf elephants closely, holding up hurricane lamps so that they could examine them better, spitting at them, cursing them. I had never realized before just how much they hated elephants.

I told Chief Pethu that we had left nine dead elephants out in the bush and that shortly I would be back to collect the tusks. He promised to have them ready for me whenever I came.

The elephants kept fit all through the three days' driving we had before we reached Pretoria. I drove at once to my own house and we unloaded the elephants. Soon the street filled with people, all anxious to see them. I had the vet along to check over the calves and, as he advised that they be kept in a confined space for a while for observation, we took them out to Pagel's farm.

Some time afterwards, when I was on my way back to Pretoria after collecting the tusks from Madinare, I had to pass by Pagel's farm, and dropped in to see how the elephants were faring. No one seemed to be in at the farmhouse. Round at the back, a native boy shook his head sadly when I asked about the elephants.

"One's dead," he said laconically.

"So," I said. "Well, what about the other?" He jerked his head towards the stable. "He's in there," he said.

I opened the stable door. The place had about it the musty smell of all elephants, and a heavier, sickly smell I knew too well. The second baby elephant lay on its side, dead, and already swelling in the heat. He must have died that afternoon.

I was saddened as if I had had a personal loss. I tried to console myself by remembering that it is notoriously difficulty to rear a baby elephant, but somehow this did not comfort me.

I drove back to my house in a bad mood, out of sorts with the world. Yet why should I feel sorry because two animals had died, when I had spent so many years hunting and killing animals, and had actually killed the mothers of these two? There was no logical answer. As I sat in my study brooding over the news, the telephone rang. I picked it up. A journalist I knew slightly was on the line.

"Heard you were back today," he said. "So I thought I'd ring and see how those little elephants are."

"They're dead."

"Dead? Say, that's bad. D'you think there's anything in that for me?"

"No," I said, for I did not want to have to meet anyone just then. But I didn't want to appear rude, so I added, "It's too complicated."

"How so?" he persisted.

"Oh, in lots of ways. I wish I'd never seen them. I wish I'd left them where they were. I wish I'd never become a hunter."

"That sounds odd from a man with some of the world's records for big game. Tell me, George, now we're on the subject, when did you start shooting first of all. How did it all begin?"

The Boy Adventurer

It all began, I suppose, when I was a boy about six. My parents employed an Indian named Tom Kelly as a chef, and Tom was an ardent fisherman. Whenever he had the day off, he would pack his bag, and with his bamboo fishing-rod tied to the crossbar of his bicycle would pedal for miles to spend the day on the banks of some river or dam.

Soon Tom had me as a passenger on the crossbar as well, and after that it didn't take long before I was making my own fishing rods out of bamboo cane. Soon I became acquainted with every river and dam within a radius of fifteen miles of Pretoria.

On my eighth birthday someone gave me an air-gun for a present, and thereafter I spent all my spare time in the fields near our house in Pretoria, and in an open bushy area called Donkey Camp—today completely covered with modern buildings and houses—hunting doves and other birds. I used to come home with my pockets filled with them. I had to pluck and clean them myself, and then my mother or Tom Kelly would fry them for me; a dish I enjoy to this day.

By the time I was ten, I had my own bike, and on weekends or on school holidays I used to go out entirely on my own, exploring the country, fishing and shooting, and sometimes staying away from home for six or seven days. During these periods I caught rock rabbits, hares, snakes, lizards and owls in snares, and brought them home, and became the envy of all the boys in the neighbourhood, for my private menagerie was really something unusual.

Leopard On The Track

When I was fourteen my parents sent me during a school holiday to an uncle who was a farmer in the Eastern Transvaal near Komatipoort. One morning I decided to borrow my uncle's .303 rifle and go for a stroll. Not being very well acquainted with the lie of the land near the farm, I thought it would be a good idea to stick close to the railway line, which ran parallel to the farm boundary.

I had walked for a couple of miles when I came to a blind corner in a cutting through a hill. I turned the corner and nearly dropped my rifle. A huge leopard was walking between the rails towards me. He couldn't have been more than fifty yards away, and I doubt very much whether he had seen me. I don't remember lifting the rifle or aiming; all I remember is being shaken out of my dream by the kick of the rifle on my shoulder, and the bang of the shot. The leopard was lying dead, shot right between the eyes!

I ran as fast as my legs would take me back to the station, and told one of the railway officials what I had done. He just wouldn't believe me, and said that I had probably shot a jackal, or some type of wild cat. I persuaded him to come with me, and

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

SMITH, the estate agent, scribbled briskly on his memo pad, looked up at Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and beamed. "Well, I'll see what I can do," he said. "You want £4,000 for your house?"

"Yes, but if you can get more, of course, I shall be delighted," replied Mr. Perkins. "Your commission will be five per cent, as agreed."

As soon as Smith had bowed the Perkins out, he phoned Mr. Dale. Two hours later, he was showing him over the empty house. "Just what I want," said Dale. "What did you say the price was?"

Smith told him that Mr. and Mrs. Perkins wanted well over £4,000. Dale's face fell. "But the commission I'm taking from the vendors is low," added Smith hastily. "If you can pay four thousand pounds plus, say, one per cent commission to me for my trouble, I'll do my best to push the sale through for you at your price."

Dale felt that the extra £40 he would pay to Smith would be worth it if he got the house for £4,000, and soon the whole thing was signed, sealed and delivered.

Perkins went along to have a last look at his old home, and met the new owner for the first time. They got along very well—until Dale, in all innocence, told Perkins about Smith's extra £40.

Perkins was furious. He did not blame Dale, but he felt that if Smith, the agent, had been more honest and energetic in his efforts to find prospective purchasers, the house might have fetched more.

In a day or two, Smith received a writ from Perkins's solicitor, claiming the £40 he had received from Dale.

Smith defended stoutly. "I've not been dishonest," he insisted. "I obtained £4,000 for the house—a satisfactory price according to Perkins himself. The sale went through quickly and smoothly because I knew that Dale wanted a house like this. The £40 commission is a purely private matter between Dale and myself."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 31

Auguste Rodin, 1840–1917

The Thinker

Just what this bonny baby may be thinking is anyone's guess! Her mother certainly did some very clear thinking, however. In deciding the food she should give her baby she realised that her future health would largely depend on the right choice during those early months when the foundation of health is laid. She rightly put quality before cost and her choice was COW & GATE MILK FOOD—the food used by Royal mothers for fourteen Royal Babies. The results have certainly justified her choice.

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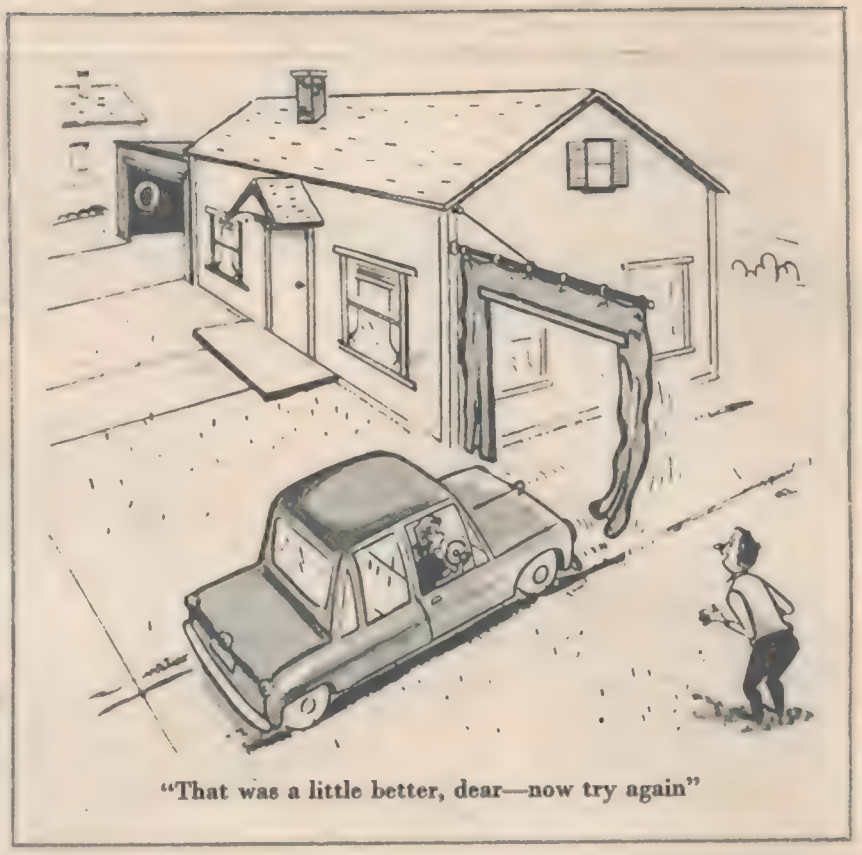

"That was a little better, dear—now try again"

his surprise when he saw the leopard was too funny for words.

He suggested that I shouldn't tell anybody about the incident, and he would give me a pound if I let him say that *he* had shot it. Of course, I would not agree, and so he became angry and truculent and refused to help me to carry the animal home.

So, at the age of fourteen, I not only shot my first leopard, but carried it back to my uncle's farm nearly two miles away. It must have weighed every bit of a hundred and twenty pounds, but in my excitement I don't think I felt the weight or the distance.

Once the hunting bug had bitten me I was no longer content to shoot guinea-fowl and pheasants; I wanted the bigger game. But although I hunted impala, kudu and several of the larger species of African game at an early age, it was quite some years after shooting my first leopard before I had an opportunity to achieve my ambition and shoot lion and elephant. It was a deeply rooted ambition, this, but I knew I had plenty of time to achieve it.

I finished college at a time when the world was still suffering from the depression. I managed to get a job as a wood machinist. On most weekends I would change into my khaki clothes, pack my fishing and shooting gear, and spend the days in the open, sometimes hunting with a friend, but mostly by myself.

Blue-eyed Blonde

One day I developed blood poisoning from a cut finger, and was taken to hospital. In the bed next to me was a man called Herbert Wright, whose sister Marjorie used to come and visit him. Marjorie was very pretty: blonde, with big blue eyes.

I fell in love with her after her second visit to her brother, and used to wait impatiently for the visiting hours to come so that I could see her again.

I visited the Wright's home very frequently after Herbert and I had recovered, but could make no headway with Marjorie. I think she hated me. But I persevered, and one night, after almost two years, suddenly and quite unexpectedly she said she thought there was no one like me.

I shall never forget my father saying to me one evening, sitting on our veranda: "My boy, that girl is far too good for you." He was quite right. All the times I have been away shooting, fishing or travelling, not once has she complained. I don't think that I could ever have found another woman who would have put up with all my whims as she has done, and still does.

We got married when I was twenty-three. I had saved about £2,000 and had started building a trailer caravan in which Marjorie and I planned to spend our honeymoon travelling round the country. I finished the caravan just thirty minutes before we were married.

About two years later, I went to work in a gun-shop. At last I was in my element, working with the things I had loved for so long: the rifles, the ammunition, the fishing-tackle. I was happier than I had ever been, and realized how lucky I was, for my hobby had become my career.

A Practical Joker?

After I had been working in the gun-shop for a year my employer bought another shop, which I managed for him. One day, a man called Johannes Van Zyl, a farmer from the Orange Free State, came into my shop. He told me that he had heard I was an elephant hunter, and he wanted me to take him and some of his friends to shoot elephants out in Bechuanaland.

Clearly, he had been misdirected, maybe by accident or maybe by a practical joker; I had never shot an elephant in my life, and I didn't know anything about them at all. But I didn't see why I should let him know that, and so I agreed to go with him.

I rang up my employer at the other shop, and asked him if he would mind if I accepted. "No," he said. "Go ahead. We've the monopoly of the business in town, and if you close up for a few weeks the customers will come to me, anyway."

I didn't quite know what I had let myself in for when I said I was an elephant hunter, so I went over to see my friend Bob Ivy, who is probably one of the best taxidermists in the world. Bob took me out into the back-yard where he had an elephant's skull, and he pointed out the position of the brain, and where I would have to shoot to kill.

Then I went along to the public library, borrowed a book on elephants and another on shooting, and went underground with them. After a few hours' hard reading, I had absorbed quite a textbook knowledge of elephants; where they should be shot, and how to hunt them. I began to feel a little more confident.

A few days later, Johannes Van Zyl pitched up outside my house with two trucks full of Afrikaans friends, who were from the Orange Free State. The real bush was something quite beyond their experience. Now they all looked to me as the "expert" to give them

advice and guidance. I gave them the hints I could, from what I had read in the textbooks. For example, I told them that to track an elephant you had to disguise your human smell, so I had these tough, hardy fellows rubbing elephant dung all over their bodies.

Luck was with me. The elephants seemed to turn up at the right time and in the right places, and the party never realized that I was not such an expert as they thought.

I have found in my sixteen years of conducting safaris that the hunter is expected to know the names and habits of every imaginable animal. Clients ask him all sorts of questions and if he has not got the answers off pat they think he is not much of a hunter.

People often ask me: What is the most dangerous animal of all? They expect an answer in one word—the lion, the leopard, the elephant, the rhino. But there is really no such simple answer. Most wild animals can be very dangerous, especially if they are being hunted in their own habitat.

A buffalo, out in a wide open space, can be shot fairly easily and at no great risk to the hunter, even if the latter is raw and inexperienced. But hunt that buffalo in the country where he is most at home, in the thick, high bush and the dense grass, and he becomes a highly dangerous animal. Wound him and he may be *the* most dangerous animal.

Hunter Is Hunted

I have heard of men who have wounded a buffalo out in the open veld, and he has dashed for cover. Then the hunters, young and eager for the kill, have followed him into the bush, trailing him by the blood spattered on the leaves and the ground. This is exactly what the buffalo wants him to do, because he can hear his enemy coming, and stealthily goes round behind him. Thus the hunter becomes the hunted, and he is charged from behind when he is least expecting the manoeuvre—and he has no time to escape. So my definition of the most dangerous animal of all is this: the animal you think you are hunting but which is really hunting you!

The leopard is always dangerous. His power lies in his swiftness. He is much harder to kill, because he is both much faster and much smaller than the other dangerous animals. With his protective colouring, he can hide himself behind a small tuft of grass, and you will not be able to see him until you are right on top of him—and then you may realize your danger too late.

He is a sly, bloodthirsty animal, and crafty. A lion waiting in the bush to strike the hunter will growl with rage when the man approaches. Not so the leopard; he waits in silence, and strikes without a sound.

Leopards kill when they are not hungry, apparently just for the joy of killing. They have retractable claws, like cats, and climb trees with ease, often lying out on the lower branches, pressed close to the bark, waiting to drop on their unsuspecting prey. They kill them by biting through their jugular veins; the victims bleed to death.

Compared with the leopard, the lion is a gentleman. He is brave and has a nobility all his own. He kills only

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 29 the court found that the house was, in fact, worth £4,000. But that did not absolve Smith, the agent. The judge told him that he acted wrongly in accepting a "secret commission" from Dale. Smith was forced (1) to refund his five per cent commission to Perkins, for whom he sold the house; (2) to give Perkins the £40 received from Dale; and (3) to pay interest at five per cent on the £40 from the time he took it from Dale to the date of the hearing. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

Miles of Menace!

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

How's the time, Mary?

NICE

We're doing fine! When can I take over?

BUT NEXT YEAR – AT HOME

The tyre burst! I-I was too tired to bother to get it changed

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I feel so tired, Doctor- even after a full night's sleep

It isn't enough just to close your eyes, Mrs. Maxwell. There's nothing seriously wrong with you – but your personality, as much as your body, needs rest by night. You must have complete relaxation while you sleep. Try a cup of hot Horlicks every evening...

SOME TIME LATER

Come on, Mary! Time for Horlicks! Early start tomorrow

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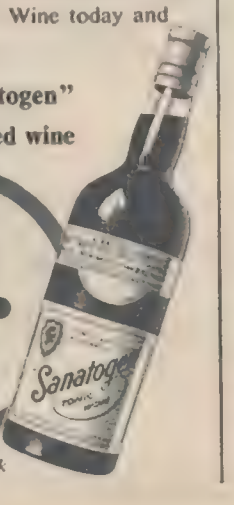

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when he is hungry, and he fights only when he is himself attacked, or when old age, disease or wounds have driven him mad. His attack is ferocious and in keeping with his title as the King of Beasts. There is nothing petty or half-hearted about him. With one blow of his front paw the lion can break the neck of a full-grown antelope, and he has been known to jump a six-foot fence with a half-grown ox between his jaws.

When the lion is hunting with his mate, the two of them work as a team. The lioness waits downwind of their intended prey, and the lion creeps stealthily towards his target. When he is within a few yards of the victim he makes a dash towards him, and the other beast, seeing the danger, runs off as fast as it can—right towards the lioness, who does the actual killing.

Lions kill by jumping on the shoulder of their prey, and fastening their teeth at the back of the neck. Then they reach over with a front paw and twist the neck by the muzzle, and break it. After their kill they gorge themselves with flesh until they are almost stupid with food, and a hunter is fortunate if he finds a lion after it has been feeding, for then the beast's reactions are slowed.

Elephants Demand Respect

Of all animals, the lion and the elephant have captured the fancy and imagination of man. The lion is his criterion of bravery and strength: "As brave or as strong as a lion" is an old saying. The elephant, though, has an even deeper fascination for man because the elephant, of all the animals, has an intelligence that most nearly approximates his own. "The elephant *never forgets*," he says with awe, for he often forgets himself.

The native respects the elephant as he probably respects no other animal, because of his size, strength and wisdom. Before the days of the white hunter they used to trap elephants by digging deep pits for them, covering the openings with branches. They would hide up in the branches of trees with spears weighted down with stones, and drop them on elephants that ventured beneath them. Then they would track the wounded beasts and take them when they were weak with pain and loss of blood.

The elephant's trunk is an amazing thing. With it he caresses his mate; with it he feeds and washes himself, and with it he may defend himself by picking up an enemy and dashing him to the ground.

With his trunk, the elephant also exercises his great power of smell. He literally smells his enemies out. I have been told that an elephant can pick up the scent of a human being and follow it as a pointer would follow a pheasant, trunk down close to the ground.

An elephant may weigh five or six tons, but of all animals in the forest he can, when he pleases, be the most silent. This capacity for stealth and silence makes him very dangerous indeed.

Hunting—For A New Job

I have had the thrill of hunting all these dangerous animals in my time, but I doubt whether I have ever felt more excited than after my first serious safari with Van Zyl and his friends. I vowed that it would not be my last, and as we bumped back along the rough roads to Pretoria my mind was full of dreams for hunts to come.

When we arrived back in town, I found that the course of my career had already been decided for me in my absence. My employer was not so pleased to see me back as he had been to see me go. "If you are so keen on shooting that you can drop all business just to go out and hunt, you can't be very interested in your job," he said angrily.

"In fact, if you want to hunt, then damn well go and hunt for a job."

Which I did, and have done ever since.

***NEXT WEEK:** George Michael describes how big-game safaris are conducted. The book version of "African Fury" will be published next March by Michael Joseph Ltd. at 15s.*

RING OF FIRE

Continued from page 22

straight and uncompromising. "She made me promise never to tell you . . . but you don't deserve consideration like that any more. You're just a selfish and unpleasant old man."

"It's not true."

"More than that," she went on. "She was as miserable as I've been with Greg—and for the same reason."

"It's not true," Ben Forster said, again. But this time his voice was little more than a whisper. His eyes fell away and his mouth trembled.

"But it is—and you know it," Liz said, coldly. "Her parents made life unbearable for her, because of you. And you've done the same for me."

Ben Forster looked up then and she saw pain in his eyes. The agonizing, hopeless pain of an old wound re-opened, of a shattered illusion. Then his gaunt frame folded, seemingly in sections, and he slumped into a chair. As she watched him, Liz realized with a sudden clarity that she had touched on the thing that explained much of her father's twisted thinking. She was momentarily amazed that she hadn't thought of it before. She had possessed the key to his problem so long that she had almost forgotten it.

"I'll tell you something more," she said, relentlessly. "D'you know *why* her people didn't want you?"

She was relentless, but she was forcing herself to go on hurting him. She hated herself for it, but she knew it was the only way. The roar and clang of the tractor completing another circuit steeled her purpose. She had to do this for herself and for Greg.

BEN FORSTER shook his head, slowly and a little weakly, his chin cradled on his chest. "No."

"You're lying, Father."

"Yes," he said, heavily. "I know."

"Because you stayed on the farm in the first war."

"Because I stuck by my duty to the land."

"And so you've hated soldiers ever since. It's why you've hated Greg."

Ben Forster didn't move.

"They said you were a coward," Liz said quietly. "It was understandable. They had lost a son in Flanders. They said you were afraid to fight for your country."

That brought up his head. "And your mother?"

"She said she didn't care. She loved you, anyhow."

"I'm no coward," Ben Forster said, and for a moment his eyes flashed with something of the old aggression. "You know I'm no coward."

"It's no use asking me," Liz said, coldly. "I've no judgment. I don't even know a waster when I see one."

"I must have time to think," Ben Forster mumbled. He drew out a handkerchief and coughed into it. The smoke was getting thicker.

"Think about this, then," Liz told

him. "Mother's folk would've approved of Greg."

He crumbled again then, lost all his stature, seemed to withdraw inside the chair and hide. An old, bewildered man with a lost expression in his eyes. "Your mother was happy, wasn't she?"

There was so much misery in his face that Liz felt like crying for him. And she wondered, despite her conviction, if the hurting him had been worth while. "Yes," she told him. "She was happy." She slipped an arm round his shoulders. "But she could've been happier. Much happier."

"I know," he said slowly. "I've always known."

Liz bent forward and kissed him on the forehead, tears in her grey eyes. Her face and mouth were soft again.

He lifted his head and saw her tears. Then he turned away again, nodding slowly to himself, like a man approving some deep inward thought. He reached out and took her hand, and she saw the strength flowing back into him, like water into a parched irrigation ditch. It seemed to fill out his body, rebuilding it, as though his decision was of itself a rejuvenation. He cleared his throat. . . .

But the words he had fashioned never came out. A thick blanket of smoke suddenly belched against the house, and with it came the heat of the fire. Scorching, searing. Then they could see the flames, hugging the ground because the grass was short, but evil, infinitely evil, jagged against their backdrop of smoke, orange to pale yellow, like the flames in the bottom of a furnace. The fire crouched in balked fury on the far side of the almost completed break. Now and then, along its line, it shot out lances of flame, like an army's probing patrols seeking a weakness in the defence. But each time they died away before they could bridge the gap, smouldering impotently among the upturned earth clods, sullen in defeat. The smoke was so thick they could hardly breathe, and their eyes hurt so much it was hard to keep them open.

GREG tore past again, wrapped in smoke, still widening the safety lane. The red dust from the plough mingled with the smoke, giving it a fantastic, muddy look. Liz gripped the veranda rail with white-knuckled hands, watching him, taut with anxiety. His passings were more frequent now as he cut down the circle. Each time he came round he waved and she saw his mouth open in a soundless shout. His face was black, streaked with sweat. His pyjama coat was open and his chest was black, too. Only his blond hair defied the smoke and dust to retain something of its own colour. He was tired. She could tell that by his movements, and once she saw him sway slightly as he passed the machine shed, where the fire was burning more fiercely. But for all that he looked so competent, so much master of himself, that she felt nothing could harm him, and most of her fear for him fell away.

That is when it happened; almost in the moment of her relief. The fire at the shed seemed to gather itself, draw back its fierceness for a space, then burst upwards and outwards like some vast firework erupting from a bonfire. Flaming timbers hurtled, spinning into the air to fall back through the smoke and crash in vicious spurts on the roasted ground. Mostly they stayed behind the break, burning themselves out harmlessly. Mostly, but not all. Two cleared the break and crashed into the dry grass before the house. The moment they bounced down, the grass was afire, as if it had been waiting for this signal, like a runner leaping from the chocks at the starter's pistol.

Liz wanted to scream, but no sound would come. She threw an arm across her eyes as a gust of heat flung itself against the house. She felt her father's arm round her, strong now the way it used to be.

Then Greg charged round the corner, slashing a wide path through the middle of the fire. He swung the tractor and plough in a tight circle that tilted them both to the point of

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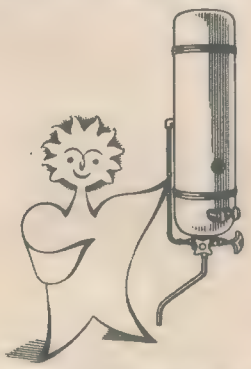

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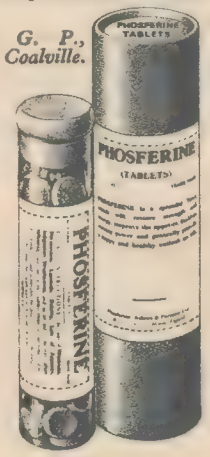

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capsize and tore round the perimeter of fire nearest the house, cutting it off. He bore on right to the firebreak, swung round again and headed off the second half of the blaze. Quickly and systematically he cut up the two fires, denying their advance, then smothering them with upturned earth. . . . It happened so fast and with such certainty that it could almost have been rehearsed. Liz wanted to cheer, or cry . . . she didn't know which . . . She only knew she was glad to have her father's arm round her. She closed her eyes in gasping relief; then felt his arm tighten. Quickly. Painfully. She felt his deep, sudden intake of breath.

"Look out!" he yelled. "You're on fire!"

Her eyes snapped open and she saw flames licking round the engine of the tractor, feeding greedily on the oil seeps. Greg plunged on across the last segment of the fire and battered it out, unconscious of his new danger. They yelled together, but their voices were drowned by the tractor's noise. Liz broke free and ran for the veranda steps. But as she reached them she saw a spark fly up, and in a moment Greg's pyjama coat was smoking. Then it burst into flame, fanned by the wind, and she saw him twist in blank amazement, not realizing at first what had happened.

"Jump!" Ben Forster yelled. "Jump!"

Liz was on the ground then, racing towards Greg with fear driving her feet. Blind fear that seemed to stop her heart, her mind, sweeping all else but Greg away. She had reached the smouldering, cut-up earth when she saw him stand and strip off the blazing jacket in great shredding pieces. The greedy flames about the engine had grown and black oil smoke streamed out, shot through with scarlet and cruel orange.

"Jump!" Ben Forster shouted again, this time from somewhere close at hand. "Jump . . . Jump. . . ."

The tractor was now on land where the fire had died, leading across the break. Greg jumped, hit the ground hard and rolled with desperate speed to clear the dragging plough. The outer shafts missed him with only inches to spare. He raised himself on hands and knees, tried to stand, but couldn't find the strength. Liz got her arms round him, but he was too heavy to move. The ground was scorching hot under her feet and she wanted to get him clear. His back was covered with angry weals that reddened as she looked. . . .

Then Ben Forster pushed her gently aside and put his arms round Greg. He half-lifted, half-carried him to the veranda steps, and sat him down on the lowest one, supporting him with an arm. The old man's face was ashen with the pain of his injured leg. But there was pride on it—and something deeper. Something that thrilled Liz as she knelt on the ground before them, for she read in his expression the end of all her misery. The fire had passed now, and the air was clear of smoke.

GREG lifted his head, slowly, looked at them blearily with bloodshot eyes. "We made it," he said, his voice a croaking whisper. "We made it, didn't we?"

"Darling," Liz said, and buried her head on his knees.

"That was a brave thing, Greg," Ben Forster said.

Liz looked up then, feeling a deep happiness within her. Greg grinned at her shakily.

"A calculated risk," he said. "That's what they called it in Korea."

"I don't know about those things," Ben Forster said, quietly. "But it seemed mighty good to me. Maybe they just breed heroes in Korea."

Liz wanted to cry, she was so happy. She reached up and kissed Greg on the lips and then the tears came. Greg put an arm round her and drew her in against his chest. It hurt badly, but the look on her face made it worth while. With his free hand he reached out and gripped Ben Forster's outstretched palm. THE END

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

Continued from page 17

have done better to go to church this morning, Grazia. Far better."

"Sure, Mistah Lesset. Ah should have gone to church. But the good Lord ain't goin' to punish me for that. But Mistah Lesset, sir, you sure got it coming when the good Lord catches up with you. And He will."

Standing well back in the main room of the bodega, Peter could see them all. Lesset and the three men by the motor boat and Grazia's head just showing above the edge of the window. He had heard every word which had passed between them, and he was ashamed now that he had ever doubted Grazia. She had behaved magnificently.

He motioned Tereza to move to the side door and wait for him. Slowly he edged to the side of the window where, hidden from the men, he could whisper easily to Grazia. He was worried now with a new thought. As Lesset had spoken, the man's intentions had become clear to him. If he had not heard him speak, he might never have guessed what was in his mind. He was going to take Grazia with him and there could only be one reason for that. Lesset and his men were going to disappear and they wanted everyone in Portos Marias to think that they had perished in the wave.

SUDDENLY Grazia's voice came gently to him, a husky, humming whisper as she spoke out of the corner of her mouth, leaning back in her chair so that her head rested against the window sill.

"Mistah English . . . Ah knows you there. Hear the water drip from your trousers. Lord, son, you got to get up to that church and get help, otherwise old Grazia's goin' to be in a fix. Ah'm's good as sittin' in de executin' chair right now, and frankly, Mistah English, it don't suit the shape foh ma bottom."

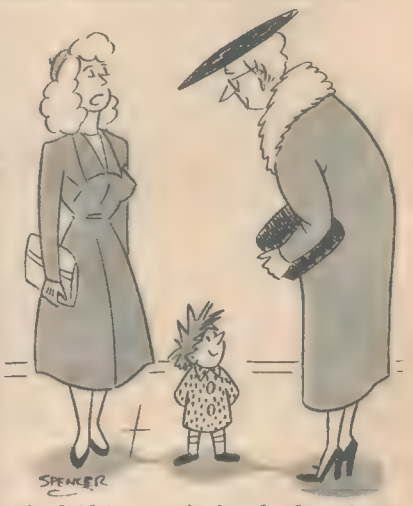
"We'll do it, Grazia. Don't worry."

"Ah do worry, but Ah'm relyin' on you and prayin' to the Lord."

"They'll be a couple of hours on that boat yet. I'll do it."

He left her and went back to Tereza. They crept quietly out of the side door and hurried back to the church. They climbed the pile of rubble, dropped down the small dip on the other side and heard the sound of men working inside the church. They had two hours, perhaps a little more. The motor-boat engine would be soaked. That was the main thing which would hold Lesset back. Putting the boat on rollers and getting her down to the slip was nothing.

The two of them said little. He stripped off his shirt and went to it. With Tereza to shovel away the dirt and earth, as he lifted rocks and masonry clear and prised out the chunks of broken marble, the work was easier. But it was still hard and they had a long way to go. So much would depend, he knew, on what progress the



"And if it wasn't for the banging, screaming, bumping and yelling, you'd never know that there was a child in the house at all . . ."

men in the church were making. He could hear them shout occasionally now, a muffled calling, and he guessed they could hear him working away outside. But he dared not call back for fear Lesset should hear him.

For an hour they worked away, digging downwards towards the low stone arch of the door. The sun was high now, beating down on them. The gulls had come back into Portos Marias, screaming still over the refuse in the streets. The streams of water down the roadside had thinned and were now no more than gentle trickles. Mud and earth were caked about their arms and legs. The pain in Peter's side, where something had smashed against him in the tidal wave, had now spread in an even agony all over his body, but it was an agony he scarcely felt.

He had one thought in mind: to dig and dig, to heave at the masonry and rocks, to fight his way down to the door. His breath came, harsh and laboured, and behind him he could hear Tereza working away, clearing the dirt, stacking the stones and pieces of marble to one side.

THEY were hidden from the road now by the hole they had made, and the sun beat pitilessly down on them. A great cloud of flies buzzed round their heads. Their hands were soon cut and torn, but they kept on. Their work was slowed up by the necessity for caution. Tereza had to keep an eye on the street. Once she went down to the corner of the square to see how the work was going on.

"They've got it on log rollers," she said as she came climbing back to him. "But they're not moving it yet. Manuel is hammering at the stern and the other two are still at the engine."

He lifted a large piece of stone and dumped it to one side. "And Grazia?"

"I couldn't see her from the corner. But Lesset was wandering around."

They worked on and suddenly the voices inside the church were louder. The sound of rocks and stones being moved and dirt being scraped away came through clearly to them. For a moment Peter thought he could hear Quisto's voice. He could imagine Quisto in there, voluble, not for a moment daunted. His shovel struck hard, firm stone. He turned to Tereza and pointed. Showing above the piled rubble was the keystone at the head of the church door.

"We'll do it. We'll do it yet," he breathed, filled with an impatient desire to get them out, to be pelting down towards the square with a backing of men behind him. Lesset had weapons, but he could never stand against them all. They would sweep over him like a wave. . . . God, how he wanted to get at that man. . . .

Tereza's hand came down sharply and grabbed his arm. He looked round. Her head was tilted towards the street. In the moment's silence he heard it: the sound of footsteps coming up the road. They dropped flat in their hollow. Then, inching himself up the slope, he peered between two great chunks of marble and got a clear view. Lesset, a shotgun crooked in his arm, was coming towards the church.

Peter dropped back out of sight. They lay there, he with his arm across Tereza's shoulders, and she with her face pressed close to the earth, her eyes looking into his. The steps came slowly up to them. They heard the beat change from sharp and clear to a dull pad, as Lesset skirted the pile of rubble where it fanned into the road. Peter prayed that he would not come up, prayed that he would not notice the work which had been done, and he blessed the sun which had baked and dried the soft rubble they had thrown out, so that it was indistinguishable from the rest.

There was a long period without the sound of footsteps. Then they started up again and the sound receded. Peter looked out and saw Lesset moving back to the square. He turned the corner.

They went back to work. Wedged longways across the lower part of the keystone was a long length of hard coping stone. Peter cleared the rubble half-way down its girth. It was as thick as a Scots pine. He swung at the rubble behind the column with his pick. As he did so, a hole appeared and a rush of warm air blew into his face. He knelt down at the hole, feeling Tereza leaning over him. From the gloom within came clearly the sound of voices and far off the faint glimmer of candles.

HE was going to shout, careless of Lesset, when a face came up to the aperture. He saw Quisto's long white mane powdered with dirt. The broad face stared at him, for a moment solemn and passive, a face marked with filth and carrying deep lines of strain. Then the face grinned, the blue eyes sparkled and head and shoulders emerged with a struggle. They strove to help him, but the hole was too small for his trunk, and he subsided, cursing.

"Are you all right? Is anyone hurt?" asked Tereza.

"Santa Maria . . . Guarani has broken a leg, and one or two have been cut by pieces that fell from the roof, but there is nothing to worry about. But it has been hard work with so much noise from the women. A man cannot do his best with so much advice."

"We'll have you out in a moment. There is trouble out here. Lesset and the two Pastori brothers are with Assis. They are the ones. . . . You

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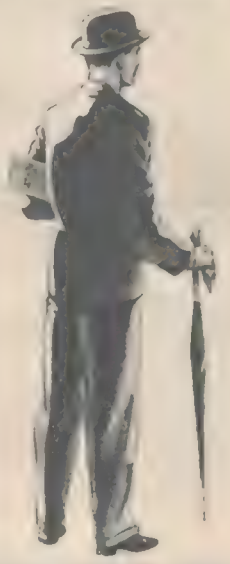

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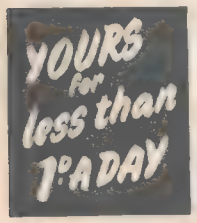

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know?" Quisto nodded. "And they are getting a boat ready to leave now. . . ." Peter turned, groping for his pick.

"Senhor Peter," Quisto called him back. "It is not so easy. From this side we can tell. The marble columns are all across the door, like a wall of logs. Below this huge stone there is nothing but them. . . ."

Peter rested his hand on the length of stone. Below this lay the marble columns, and on his side they were backed up by the tons of rubble under his feet. It would take him ages to pick away at this hard coping stone and make a hole big enough for a man to crawl through. He spoke his thoughts almost without knowing it. "If we don't get you out quickly, we shall never stop them. They would have left you here to die, for all they cared. . . ."

Quisto heard the anger in his voice. His face disappeared. He shouted something to someone behind him, and there was a long discussion. Then he turned back.

"Nimo Dinez says it can be done. He has had experience of these things. We shall need the black powder charges and the fuse cord."

"You mean you can blow your way out?"

"There is hurry, no, senhor? If we put a charge under this top piece of stone . . . *Pam!* We shall have enough room to scramble out."

"But where will I get the stuff?"

Quisto chuckled. "In the safe at the factory. You will find a box of powder cartridges and some fuse cord. Bring them all. Nimo can fix it so that no one is hurt in here. But out there, you must get clear. So it was Senhor Lesset, eh? *Por Deus,* how can one ever tell what is in a man's heart? To think of all the good food and wine of mine he has had. . . . Oh, the monster! When I get out, I shall wring his foul neck. I shall give myself the privilege which your youth denies you, Senhor Peter, of striking an older man. . . . The corrupter! It is he who led Assis astray . . . brought a new wickedness to us when we were content with our own kind. He's played with my children, sat beneath my roof and——"

"Father!" Tereza bent close to the hole. "There is no time for that."

Peter was with her. "Give me the key, Quisto."

"The key?"

"For Pete's sake, Quisto! Every moment counts. The key of the safe."

Quisto laughed. "But it has no key, senhor. Just go to it and open it."

Peter and Tereza stood up. As they looked at each other the same thought was suddenly in their minds. To get to the canning factory, Peter would have to cross a small stretch of open ground in full view of the men working in the square.

Quisto's voice came up to them: "Tereza . . . find a pin or something for your blouse. It is not modest to be like that before any man."

LESSET'S men had found four lengths of old mast to serve as rollers. But as they hauled the boat up on to them, they discovered another gap in the planking just under the curve of the stern on the port side. Manuel was finishing the repair to it now. Lesset sat watching him. For some time he had been growing more and more impatient. Everything was going so well, and he wanted to be away. Vasco Pastori was reassembling the engine and Assis was fitting back into place the petrol tank which they had emptied and dried.

Lesset glanced over his shoulder. Commere Grazia was still sitting on her chair by the window. She sat there brooding, never saying a word but keeping her eyes on them the whole time. There was something odd in her placidity. She was like a great cow, devoid of thought; but he knew that she was well aware of what lay in store for her.

Manuel straightened up and tossed aside his hammer. The job was done. Lesset came over to the boat as Vasco and Assis climbed out.

"What do you think?" Lesset tipped his head towards the engine.

Vasco shrugged his shoulders. "She will go. Not the first time, maybe. But she will go."

"Petrol and oil?"

"There is plenty over at the cannery," said Vasco. "But let us get her down to the slip first."

Commere Grazia watched them, tipping back in her chair, troubled by the heat and waving a hand lazily to keep away the flies from her face. She saw them, two on each side of the boat, pushing it forward on the rollers. They would go so far, until the end roller came free from under the stern, and then Assis would pick it up and carry it round and lay it ready for the bows to move forward across it. The boat was heavy and it moved slowly, but she saw that they would soon do it.

She thought of the people in the church, and of Peter and Tereza working away there, and she wished that she was not old and fat and useless. If she had been eighteen with the spring of life in her body and a blind passion in her heart, she would have gone for them, found a knife or taken a shotgun from one of them. . . . She didn't know what she would have done, but she would have done something instead of sitting, fat and useless, and, the Lord help her, more than a little scared.

SUDDENLY, from behind her in the bodega, she heard Tereza's voice, low, urgent and breathless.

"Grazia."

"Yes, honey?"

"Peter's got to get into the cannery. We need blasting powder. . . . After that it will only be minutes before the men are out. But he's got to get there and we need your help."

"Just say. Ah'll do anything."

"He's at the corner of the street now. Give me time to get back to him and then do something to attract their attention. Anything. Shout, scream, run away, but keep them looking at you while he gets across the open space."

"O.K., honey. Ah'll think of somethin'. You get back to yoh man."

"And the same again when he comes out."

"Tell him to wave somethin' from the gateway when he's ready to come back. Ah'll do it."

She heard Tereza move back across the room. She sat there and in her mind she followed the girl through the alleyways to the foot of the road that ran up to the church, timing her and thinking about her and Peter; and all the while her eyes were on Lesset and his men and the boat which was drawing nearer each moment to the slip.

She didn't even try to think what she would do. The Lord would put something into her mind. She hadn't done very well by the Lord in the past, but it wasn't only her now in need, it was lots of other people, good people, and the Lord wouldn't let her down.

Tereza was back now. She began to count fifty for a margin.

She counted to herself, a silent chant, and she was in the forties and

"The way I worked it out, it should have fallen that way"

without an idea in her head of what she would do. Forty-eight; *Lord make me think of something.* Forty-nine; *Oh Lord, You ain't got much time left.* Fifty. . . .

She rose to her feet, gave a loud shout and began to waddle forward. She went down off the platform, turned away from the men and began to pant and bustle towards the far side of the square.

Lesset and the others, almost at the head of the slip, swung round at the sound of her voice.

"Assis!" Lesset made a movement of his arm and together he and Assis ran across the square towards the retreating Grazia. Vasco and Manuel stood watching them.

Lesset caught her up easily and, putting a hand on her shoulder, dragged her round.

"What's the idea, Grazia? You can't get away, you aren't built for speed."

"Mistah Lesset. . . ." She looked frightened and her breath came wheezily from her exertions, "there's a snake up there under the broken chairs. . . . Lord, he came out and raised his head at me! Ah got an abomination of snakes. . . ."

"Come on," Lesset spoke curtly. "You're beginning to see things. There are no snakes on this island."

"It was a snake, Mistah Lesset," she persisted. "All yellow and black and the evil in his eyes brighter than yoh own. . . ."

Lesset laughed quietly. "You've been sitting in the sun too long. Come on, you get down to the boat and stay with us."

Assis took her by one arm and Lesset by the other and they brought her down to the boat.

The slowness with which she walked increased Lesset's impatience. Every unnecessary moment they spent on this island carried danger, the odd, unforeseeable peril that works with time.

"Hurry! Hurry!" He jerked at Grazia's arm.

Grazia grunted.

"At my age and figure, Mistah Lesset, hurry ain't only undignified, it's impossible."

THE wall of the house on the corner of the square had collapsed. Tereza and Peter crouched behind the pile of broken plaster and stones. Obliquely to their left they could see Lesset and his men working the boat down to the slipway. Part of the bodega platform was in sight, but Grazia was hidden. To the right, close up against the front of the houses, a long, smooth run of sand left by the waves covered the cobbles of the square. Beyond it were the beached and battered fishing boats, some of them hard against the house fronts. Part of the fence had been broken down.

Peter kept his eye on the long stretch of sand as he waited. He had to cross it in full view. Once that was done he would be safe, for he would have the cover of the boats.

His hand rested lightly on Tereza's, feeling the hard, caked mud on it. Although his mind was on the task before him, there was an odd corner of it which examined coolly the damage all around him. There was a hell of a lot of work to be done in Portos Marias and he wanted to have a hand in it.

Away to his left, Grazia screamed. He saw the men turn. Tereza's hand slid up his bare arm and gave him a squeeze.

Crouching low, he ran across the long strip of sand, waiting for the shout which would mean discovery. But it never came. He reached the cover of the tilted boats and made his way swiftly towards the yard.

He swung over the fence where it had been smashed down, and ran across the yard towards the door of the canning factory.

Most of the cardboard cases had been washed haphazardly about the cobbles. Some of them had split and cans lay everywhere. A donkey cart with a dead donkey pinned under it lay wedged in the angle by the door. A great cloud of flies rose from the

"Just think what this means—cream cakes, double helpings, potatoes . . ."

beast's smashed skull as he passed and went through the door.

He picked his way across the floor of the long workroom. It was six inches deep in water. The safe, he knew from Tereza, was in a little storeroom above the partitioned glass office. A small flight of ladder stairs led up from the office to the room. The glass partition was smashed, the whole place had been flooded and the water had reached up into the storeroom. The safe was untouched. It stood in a recess half-way up against the wall, which was formed by the rock of the cliff against which the building backed.

He soon found what he wanted; a cardboard box full of cartridges, tight rolls about six inches long, and a long length of fuse cord.

He put the cord in the box with the cartridges and went down into the office.

* * *

Lesset pointed to the wall at the edge of the slip. "Sit here, Grazia, and don't move."

Grazia sat down, puffing and sighing.

Lesset turned to Manuel. "All right, get across to the cannery and fetch the petrol and oil. We'll run the boat down."

There was nothing Grazia could do. She closed her eyes and made a silent prayer for Peter. When she opened her eyes, Manuel was on his way. She watched him move across the square.

Tereza saw him, too. She watched him moving towards the cannery. There was nothing she could do. She crouched there in a long agony of torment. . . . Out in the bay, the gulls wheeled and called, the sound of the boat being pushed down the last slope over the rollers thundered gently in the clear air, and from the sand on the far side of the collapsed wall she saw the flick and spring of the sand hoppers as the sun dried and baked the golden surface pocked with the marks of Peter's feet. Peter. . . . Peter. . . .

MANUEL went into the yard, picking his way through the strewn cases to a small shed which was built up against the far cliff side close to the cannery door. The petrol and oil were kept in the shed in containers. Manuel was in a happy frame of mind. As he had worked, he had eaten well from the food Lesset had brought from Grazia's, and he had tossed back half a carafe of wine. Things were going well. They would soon be away. He had three nice bank accounts in different names waiting for him in the Argentine. He had an ugly face and a quick temper, but his money now would make women overlook these, and the weather promised well for the journey ahead.

A small green crab moved across the sun-dried cobbles of the yard, waving an impudent fighting claw in the air. He stepped on it, taking pleasure in the crunch of its shell beneath his foot. As he did so, he heard another sound. It was the noise of someone within the cannery; someone who was coming towards the half-open door and wading through the water that still covered the floor, which was below the level of the yard.

Manuel moved quickly and silently to the side of the door. He stood, pressed back into the angle, and waited. A crowd of angry flies, fat and iridescent, rose from the dead donkey at his side and swarmed around him, whipping across his face and buzzing savagely. He stood there impassive, his broad face ricked with a stiff grimace, his breath coming gently from the half-open mouth.

Peter came through the door. He moved three paces into the yard and then Manuel jumped forward. For all his bulk, he was swift and silent. His great fist came up and then smashed down on the back of Peter's neck. Peter fell forward heavily, his knees crashing against the hard cobbles. He threw out his hands and saved his face from the ground. The box under his arm slid away from him.

Deliberately Manuel spat and then drew the knife from his belt. As he did so, Peter's head rolled over on his arm. His eyes opened and through a mist of red pain he saw the brutal face of Manuel above him. The blade in the man's hand shone with a brightness that hurt his eyes. With the shock of the light, the sight of that broad, panting face above him, a savage disbelief filled Peter, taking him for its own, making him its creature. It could not be Manuel. It could not be. . . . His disbelief was anger and fury. . . .

His feet slewed round and kicked at Manuel. The man came down in a heap across him. Peter rolled and his hands found the other's throat. They clamped tight as he heard the sound of the knife clattering away over the stones. He held on, knowing that a sound would betray him, and the two of them rolled and twisted, squirmed, kicked and writhed like some shapeless monster, contorted and frantic with a silent agony. For a moment, he was on his feet, and then hands and nails clawed at his face and wrists and he felt the crash of knees and feet against his body. He saw the livid, bloodshot eyes of Manuel pressed up against his own, lost them in a searing blackness and then saw the blue sky roll and pitch, the line of a case sweep by him and the green edge of the far clifftop lurch and dip.

Under him the ground heaved, and about his neck he was each moment more and more conscious of a great clamp that threatened to squeeze the life from him. And as the pressure increased, his own muscles and fingers strained and fought to hold the throat of the other. A black fury possessed him. He had Manuel under him and he was shaking and squeezing the great neck, the man's head smashing against the ground. . . . And then, he was abruptly aware that the body under him was limp. The hands about his own neck fell away and his hungry lungs suddenly filled with air that rasped into him and made his head swim.

He swayed back, kneeling, and rubbed his palms against his eyes to clear his head. He stood up and neither knew nor cared whether Manuel lived. In a daze, he staggered towards the cardboard box and picked it up, nearly pitching forward as he did so. He stumbled across the yard, half-fell over the broken fence, and then was leaning in the cool shade of one of the fishing boats. He bent down and splashed cold seawater from a pool under its quarter into his face, and slowly the world steadied.

He made his way along the lee of the boats and, when he reached the last one, he groped in his pocket for his handkerchief. It was wet and sodden and filthy. Before him was the open run of sand, like a great stretch of desert. He edged round the stern of the boat, leaning out a little, and saw Grazia. She was sitting on the wall, her eyes turned towards him. Below her he could see the motor boat riding in the water at the foot of the slipway. The men there were standing with their backs to him.

He gave the handkerchief a flick, but did not wait for Grazia. Their backs were to him and he took a chance. He lunged forward and, half-running, headed across the sand.

Tereza saw him coming. She rose, seeing Lesset and his two men still turned from Peter, seeing Peter racing towards her. He seemed to take an age coming across the sand, lumbering along like a drunken man, and she waited agonizingly for the shout from the slipway which would discover him. He came up to the wall and stumbled against it. Tereza reached out a hand to him and pulled him over. He collapsed over the pile of rubble and crashed at her feet. A large stone began to totter, but she reached forward and steadied it.

Peter lay there, the blood running from a fresh cut on his face, the hard, brown torso filthy and scratched and bruised, and he looked up at her and smiled. His voice came to her in a whisper: "Blimey, I shall be glad when this picnic's ended." And in that moment she loved him more than she had ever dreamed she could love anyone.

DOWN on the slipway, Lesset gave the bow mooring rope a twist round a post. He straightened up and now, at the sight of the motor boat floating, rocking a little with the movement in it of Assis and Vasco, he felt some of the weight drop from him. It was running: his luck was working smoothly. In a little while they would be away.

He came back up the slipway and saw Grazia watching him. She looked him straight in the eyes and said calmly: "Yoh bad man, Mistah Lesset."

He smiled and patted her on the shoulder. He liked her, really liked her; but he liked himself more. That's all there was to it. "You don't understand, Grazia. We've got to be what we are. People won't accept that, and that's where they make a big mistake. Never fight against yourself. Fight for yourself. That way, the world becomes a swell place and you never have to beg for a dime, and you never have to count the dollars. . . ."

"One day the Lord's goin' to present you with His account, Mistah Lesset."

Assis called from behind: "Where's Manuel? We can't check the engine without petrol."

Lesset looked across the square towards the cannery. Impatiently he began to cross towards it. Now that the boat was in the water, his tiredness

had gone. For a while, things had threatened to get out of hand. . . . But now all that was behind him. He looked around at the mess and wreckage affectionately. There must have been quite a disturbance out there on the ocean bed. . . . People, he thought, took Nature much too lightly. They forgot that they lived on top of a furnace. But it was there. Fire and flood and destruction. All through the ages Nature now and again had rumbled and turned over in bed. . . . And for him, in Portos Marias, she couldn't have timed it better.

He went into the yard and he saw Manuel at once. He was lying by the cannery door and there was blood running from his forehead and a cloud of flies sang above him. For a moment he stood there, cold, without feeling or thought. He saw Manuel stir one foot a little, heard the flies and felt the hot sun warm on the back of his head. Then it came to him, an even bitterness of heart. And the tiredness came over him with the first thought, which was: It hasn't finished yet. And anger flared with the second: But it will.

He pulled the automatic from his pocket and turned back. He found bare footmarks in a drift of sand beyond the fence. He followed them into the shadow of the boats. He saw the marks beside the small pool in the lee of the boat, saw the water still turbid, and he moved on. From the end of the last boat he saw the footprints, two lines running back and forth across the sand. He made a third line, crossing the sand with heavy, purposeful steps. He climbed the pile of broken wall material and stood at the bottom of the street, looking up its deserted length towards the church.

Bobo, Quisto's donkey, came clattering across the square behind him, and he heard Assis and Vasco calling to him. He ignored them.

He went up the street slowly, searching the ground, and it gave him a clear story. There were two sets of prints in some places, and he could visualize the people. Peter and Tereza. And he knew what they would have been doing. Digging, hoping to release the islanders before he left.

Well . . . it was to the good. Now he would have no doubt of their fate. It had to be Peter and Tereza, for only they would have kept out of his way.

He passed Jaeger's body, and saw the glint of sun on the sand drying to powder in the folds of the rumpled clothing. And although his mind was ahead, facing the moment when he would be at the church, some small part of his thoughts lingered with Jaeger. He remembered his first meeting with the man . . . remembered how easy it had been to persuade him to join them. . . . Money! They all fell before its power.

He went up the street, moving deliberately. From a house wall a great mat of bougainvillaea had been ripped down. His feet crushed the wet foliage. A cat suddenly sprang to a window sill from inside a room and mewed at him. He put out a hand and touched its fur as he passed. And then when its cry followed him, realized it was a black cat. Luck; it was running. . . . No man could live without it.

He looked up, seeing the ragged curl of clouds round Pae, the volcano, and then, his eyes dropping, the great sprawl of rubble half across the street before the church. He stopped, watching the pile of debris. There was no sound, no movement. Light on his feet now, he picked his way across the sun-baked drifts of mud and sand to the foot of the mound studded with lengths of broken marble and great fragments of masonry. The stiff hand of the Madonna thrust up from the soft skirt of plaster and earth at the foot of the pile. He climbed to the top of the heap, his feet sinking into the loose stuff, his hand holding the automatic and his eyes noting the fresh dirt and stones thrown out at the lip of the mound.

As he stood on the brink of the hole dug down to the top of the door arch, he heard a sound from his left. He swung round, and he saw Peter and Tereza. Running back between the church and the school yard next to it was a small recess fronted by a tall wooden gate. They were standing in the recess close against the gate. Peter had a shovel in his hand and, as Lesset looked down on them, not twenty yards from him, Peter moved in front of Tereza. Lesset smiled at that. It was like him, noble, protective and obvious. . . .

Lesset moved the automatic gently and he said encouragingly, as though he was dealing with fractious children: "Come on. Get out of there and go down the street ahead of me."

Neither of them replied or made any move.

His tone hardened and the large head cocked a little.

"I'm not going to waste words. Do as I say, or I'll shoot you where you stand and have you carried down."

Lesset meant every word; Peter had no doubt of that. He stood looking up at this man whom he hated, who seemed and was so evil, perched up there like a shabby old raven. He heard Tereza breathing quickly behind him, could feel the gentle pressure of her breast against his naked back as she stood close to him, and, although he knew Lesset would have no hesitation in shooting them, he could not forsake the man—because he was a man and he was in danger.

He said evenly: "Lesset, come down off that pile as quickly as you can. You're in danger. They're going to blow an opening in the door and the fuse is burning now. Come down!"

Lesset shook his head.

"I don't know what you hope for—but it won't work. Get into the street, both of you." He moved his feet gently to a better stance and a trickle of stones rolled down the pile.

"Lesset—don't be a damned fool!" Peter shouted angrily. "Get down!"

And then from behind Peter, Tereza shouted, too: "Please, please—he's telling the truth!"

It was at the sound of her voice that Lesset suddenly realized that it was the truth. He swung round and for the first time he noticed the small black opening below the keystone.

Peter and Tereza saw it clearly. Time and movement seemed to slow down so that horror should lose no detail. Lesset turned from the pit. His knees bent and he crouched as he flung himself forward desperately from the mound of rubble. He seemed to hang, a squat, ruffled, bird-like shape, in the air, and a long, incoherent shout came from him, a cry of panic and despair as the earth and stones behind him trembled.

His cry was lost in the echoing thunder of an explosion. A great gout of rock and debris spouted from the pit, and they saw his body twisted and flung upwards. It disappeared in a vast, rising spume of smoke and dust. A spattering of stones and plaster rattled down around them. Peter held Tereza to him, protecting her with his arms. The echoes of the explosion swung to and fro across the town and between the cliffs and then died. Slowly the smoke and dust drifted away.

Peter pushed the gate back and ran into the road. The top of the pile had been blown away and the ground was thick with debris. Lying at the foot of the house wall opposite the church was Lesset. He was huddled up like a child's doll, maltreated and flung into a corner. His face was turned upwards, the eyes wide and still, the skin pocked and cut with grit, and the mouth was a little open and curled at one corner as though he smiled, as though he had died smiling at some fine irony.

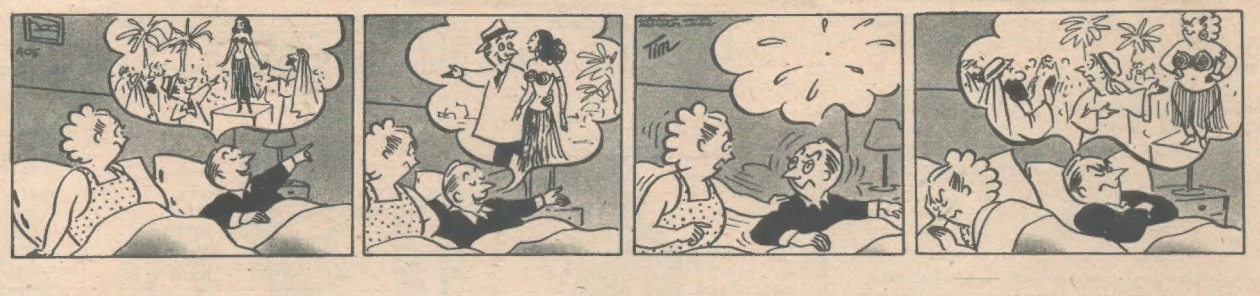
"Peter . . . it is terrible."

Peter turned and took Tereza by the shoulders, moving her away from the sight. As he did so, Quisto, with two men behind him, appeared at the broken crest of the pile before the church door.

The crowd about Peter stirred. Somewhere behind him a child began to cry and then was hushed. From the foot of the jetty Quisto and Father Gordano came forward through their people. There was silence as the men and women parted before them. Peter watched the many familiar faces and for a moment he lifted his eyes from them to the damaged houses on the far side of the square, and then higher across the steep roofs to the blunt muzzle of Pae thrusting into the clear blue. His eyes came back to the

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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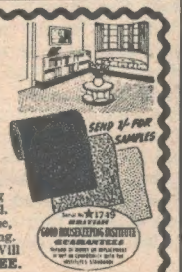

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crowd. He saw Anita, the chambermaid at Grazia's, shrinking back as Quisto passed, her face solemn and frightened. It would be a long time, Peter felt, before she let her light fingers stray again, a long time before she forgot this morning and the dark hours she had spent in the church with the other islanders. For himself there would be no forgetting.

He put his arm around Tereza and, glancing down, saw her face bright with pride as she watched her father move along the jetty. She had accepted Quisto's judgment more readily than Peter. The thing Quisto was going to do would be for ever a secure island secret. Peter heard Quisto's voice echoing in his memory: *"These are my people . . . they understand that it must be done this way. Punishment must carry mercy."*

In his heart he knew that the old man was right. They had the pearl collar Anita had stolen, and the rest of the jewels were safe, and soon they would have a boat ready, and he and Quisto would go to Santos. The man in São Paulo would know all he needed to round up the organizers of this jewel traffic. Jaeger and Lesset were dead. Soon they would be rid of Assis and the Pastori brothers, too.

Quisto and Father Gordano came to the edge of the jetty and the crowd followed them. They were all behind Quisto, approving; his children, his people, following him and his judgment unquestioningly.

PETER stood with his arm around Tereza and felt her pressed to him, her hand holding his. Quisto was like some hoary god, white-haired, dark of brow and with a tremendous nobility. His voice rang across the square as he stood on the jetty. Father Gordano was at his side. Below them, in the water, was the motor boat.

Assis was at the tiller, Vasco stood by the motor which was gently ticking over, and Manuel lay groaning in the bows. They had just enough petrol to get to the mainland. High above the gentle sound of the motor came Quisto's stern voice:

"To us you are dead men. To the police you shall be dead men. You shall be wiped out of our hearts and our memories, for there is a sickness in the thought of you and an evil in the sight of you which shames us. But wherever you go you will remember us, and the memory shall stay with you and be a curse, and it will touch every moment of your lives until your last hour. . . ."

He bent down and cast off the mooring rope. He flung it and Assis caught it.

"Go!"

Quisto's great arm came up as he pointed towards the harbour mouth, and the one word, rich and scornful with contempt, echoed over the stained and wreck-strewn waters.

The engine note rose, little rosettes of white water eddied from the boat's stern as it moved away from the jetty. Only Assis looked back for a while.

They stood there, the women and the children, and the silent men, dirty and ragged and with the destruction of their town behind them, and they watched the boat pull out, head towards the opening of the harbour, and then disappear.

Quisto swung round to his people and, a great smile over his face, he roared cheerfully: "And now to work!"

Father Gordano touched his arm.

"First, my son, let us pray."

Father Gordano turned and raised his hands and everyone knelt. Peter knelt beside Tereza and on his other side he heard Grazia wheeze and grunt as she lowered herself. Father Gordano prayed . . . and as he prayed, Peter knew that in a few moments they would rise and there would be everything before them. . . . Work and hope and love, and the disappointments and rewards which belong to those who work.

THE END

"The Man From The Turkish Slave," by Victor Canning, will be published in March by Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.

"Bullets" Big 6-in-1

IDEAL WEDDING

Prize for 2, 3 or 4 words

EVERYTHING for an Engaged Couple...

JOHN BULL provides . . .

1. Complete cost of Wedding, including Bride's Trousseau, Ring, Car, Bouquets, Wedding Cake, etc., up to £100.
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6. £200 EXTRA CASH as NEST-EGG!

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF **£500 CASH**

1,569 OTHER AWARDS	£25	£10	£9	£8	£7	£6	1,500 GOOD SHOT PRIZES	SURREY FOWLS AS BONUSES
	3 of £5	10 of £2.10		50 SURPRISE AWARDS				A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

WHILE travelling to and from his London office, thirty-nine year old Mr. W. H. Mayhew (7 Oswald Villas, Hertford Road, Edmonton) enjoys making *Bullets*. One of the two he made for Contest 1,912 won £500—and now this reader (seen on right) will soon be buying a house of his own. A few spare minutes, as well used, can bring you this week's thrilling 6-in-1 First for a *Bullet*.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's System
On Matrimony's Road
The Price Of Progress
Woman, The Enigma
Made His Life A Misery
Pernicious Propaganda
Until It's Needed
Oceans Of Ink
Coshed
With Unflagging Zeal
Rebel In The Ranks
A Bit Sticky
Just Managing
Horse-sense
Obstacle To Clear
That Figure
Hugs And Kisses
To Look At
Playing Around
Like A Cat On Hot Bricks

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Every.....Counts, So
Frozen To The.....
Can Do No.....
Gave The.....A Kick
Spoilt A Good.....
If.....Came To London

"Bullets" Winners 1,915

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Hamper: R. P. Taylor, 2 Weardale Avenue, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

The Greatest Lift On Earth May Come *From* Berlin!

£25 plus Hamper: Mrs. J. Gaff, 46 Royd Street, Park Lane, Bradford: THE VILLAGE TEAM — TRAINING SECRETLY—ON GOULASH!

£10 plus Hamper: S. Howard, 56 Windermere Road, Reading: TOO MANY MOTORISTS—ARE "HEELS" ON WHEELS.

OTHER AWARDS. £9: H. V. Lambshire, 100 Valentine Court, Perry Vale, London, S.E.23: SPIRIT OF BRITAIN — SOUND ENOUGH — VISIBLE ENOUGH? £8: J. Malroy, The Holmses, Dunscar, Bolton: ON PAGE 1954—AND SOME CAN'T *Read*! £7: E. T. Southall, 63 Parade, Dudley, Worcs: NOT THE ANSWER—IT WAS, BRITISH "DETACHMENT." £6: N. J. Fishlock, 86 Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey: THE WAY AHEAD—*Might And* MAIN ROAD! £5: W. L. Elmer, 59 Lower Brook Street, Basingstoke: THE END OF A DREAM—FOR MISSIONARIES, LINCOLNS' ROAR? £5: E. F. Webster, 17 Belfairs Drive, Chadwell Heath, Essex: DEAR TO BRITONS—INDEPENDENCE—AS AMERICANS' *Friendship*. £5: J. R. Woodland, 36 Brith Road, Trealaw, Rhondda: THE END OF A DREAM—"PSST—GOT ANY *Work?*"

For ten winners of £2 10s, see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Bullets Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 6, and in JOHN BULL dated February 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 30, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,919 result.)

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,919 (or Xword 865), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.
BULLET .....
EX. ..... |6d.
B. .....
EX. ..... |6d.
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

1,919 Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 18

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated January 30. 732

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

CASH and FOWLS for XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two*, *three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 865
1. May hide the fact that something is badly worn
2. You needn't be an expert to tell if one needs attention
5. Even international forward makes a poor one now and again
6. Staring at this, a farmer may be excused feeling depressed
9. Sufferer may instinctively feel that pain can be made somewhat easier to bear by means of
12. A library doesn't always replace or repair a novel that is badly this
14. Driving in these can mean a lot of unnecessary trouble
15. It does a lot to improve cultivation of garden

Down Clues
1. To clean out some places means to do this
3. They entail a restraint of liberty
4. Publicity manager is out to make a lot of this
7. A vine may be praised for its
8. It's only prudence to be insured against such a calamity
10. One sometimes gleans a valuable harvest
11. Beware of believing what you are told by one
13. Often bit of a blow to mother of large family

£100 FIRST PRIZE
AWARDS VALUE £25
among 1st Runners-up and up to
50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over
Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 861 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Cellar 4, Looks. 5, Pent. 6, Nip. 10, Coal. 14, Deal. 15, Grade. DOWN: 1, Pose. 3, Aid. 5, Poser. 7, Pal. 8, Mill. 9, Bands. 11, Fare. 12, Boor. 13, Plod.

FIVE £600 SHARERS (with entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): B. Bonar, Londonderry; Mrs. E. E. Brimicombe, Bournemouth; Mrs. M. Linton, Southend-on-Sea; W. R. Manning, Cambridge; J. E. Pinfield, Tettenhall.

(*Above result is reprinted for sake of readers who missed* JOHN BULL *dated Dec. 26. Result of Crossword 862 is due next week.*)

£100 and 5 lb. FOWL PRIZES for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated January 30.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1 D	A	R		■	2	I	3 C	K	■					
R	A	N	■	4	■	5 S	H	O						
		6 R		I	N	■		■	■					
D	7 G	■	■	N	U	N	C	■	8					
9 G	R	I		■	■	■	K	10 R	I					
E	A	T	■	11	■	U	S	E	R					
■	■	■	12	O	R	N	■	A	E					
13 R	E	D	■	O	R	B	■	■	■					
■	■	O	A	K	■	O	D	E	■					
14 P		G	S	865	15 W	O	R	■						

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **865** Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 18

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

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Address .....

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ONE WEEK ONLY

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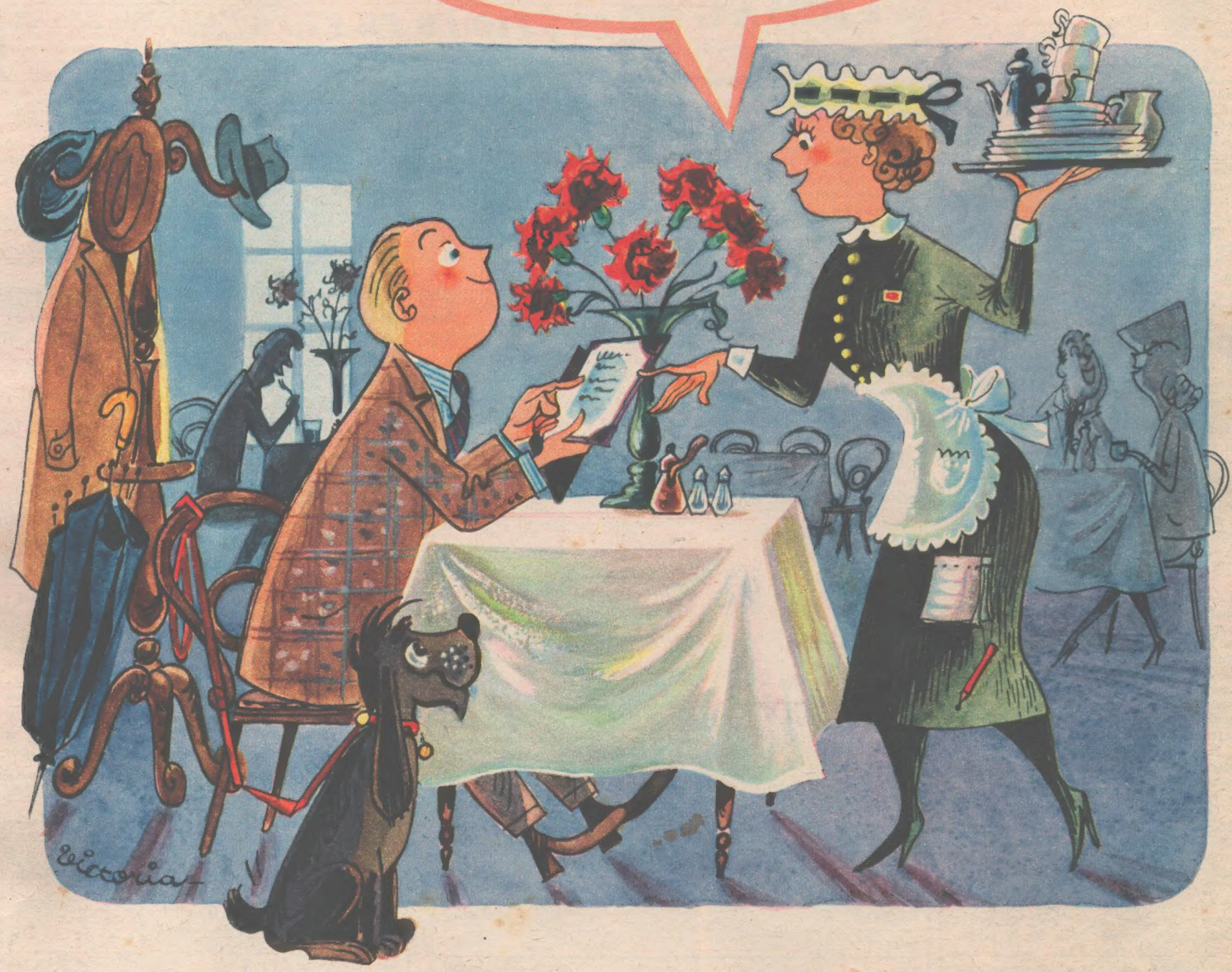
‘It doesn’t matter where you are’



. . . the Waitress said to me

“A Guinness on the bill of fare is very good to see.

In buffet, café, restaurant, and ritzy rendezvous,

It looks the same, it tastes the same, it’s just as good for you.

So will you, won’t you take my tip and have a Guinness, too?”

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.2241